

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Lent by the Lady Lever Art Gallery

'Boulter's Lock, Sunday afternoon', by Edward John Gregory, R.A. (1850-1909): from the exhibition of Victorian narrative paintings now at the South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road

In this number:

Democracy and Diplomacy Today (Sir Llewellyn Woodward)
Town Planning and Architecture, 1945-65—I (H. Myles Wright)
A Memory of Indo-China (Graham Greene)

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THE LARGE BACK ROOM

By **PODALIRIUS**

Suppose the British death-rate in 1951 had been the same as it was in 1901: some 500,000 now living would be dead already. If you like living (I am very fond of it) you will think this a Good Thing. But how has it been done? It certainly isn't 'being so cheerful that has kept us going. We have to thank the medical officers of health for a good deal—for better drains, cleaner water, special care of mothers and children, and a short way with epidemics. Then doctoring generally is much better than it was: disease, on the whole, is spotted earlier, investigated more thoroughly, and more successfully treated than it used to be. Even health has attracted some attention, and we now have a glimmering of the principles of sound nutrition and try to apply them.

Yes, I think the medical profession must take a little credit. All the same, on the—very rare—occasions when someone says to me, "You doctors are wonderful," I am abashed; for the fact is we have had a lot of help.

Take industry, for instance. When a surgeon thinks of some delightful tool that would help him round a tricky corner, does he, like other people, have to spend his evenings making it for himself in a shed in the back garden? Not a bit of it. He takes the idea to a firm of surgical-instrument makers, who fall over themselves to get the thing just so. Or suppose a scientist discovers a promising new drug: pharmaceutical firms all over the world set about making it in large quantities. Surgeons in their theatres, scientists in their university retreats, and even physicians face to face with the whole patient, are a desperately inventive lot; but of course they have neither the time nor the vast sums of money needed to follow up their ideas. Thanks, however, to a beautiful symbiosis, rather like the alliance between the flowers and the bees, they are able to get a lot of the work taken off their hands by industrial research laboratories. Moreover, these laboratories do a lot of original research on their own account: nearly all the new antibiotic drugs, to which so many of us owe our lives, were discovered by the pharmaceutical industry.

I am not suggesting that either party in the symbiosis is quite without thought of gain. The doctors and scientists hope to advance medicine and perhaps (since we are all human) to enhance their own prestige, while the industrial firms naturally hope to benefit financially. But even the bees and flowers, I am sorry to remind you, are on the make. We, however, get the fruit and honey.

And industry apart, we doctors have gathered round us an all-star cast of nurses, physiotherapists, almoners, social workers, dietitians, caterers, radiographers, pharmacists, chiropodists, laboratory technicians, cooks, porters, ward-maids and bottle-washers, all of whom must take some blame for the fact that more Britons now live longer. P.

And we ourselves in all humility would submit that Bemax might also be mentioned in this all-star cast. The richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement, Bemax is the most valuable aid to sound nutrition—by far the most important factor in health. Many doctors, with this in mind, insist on patients taking Bemax daily.

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The Listener

Vol. LIV. No. 1385

Thursday September 15 1955

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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A Change of Methods, not Aims?

BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT on Russian policy since Geneva

LAST week Mr. William Clark gave what I thought was a brilliant analysis of the situation resulting from the meeting at the summit which took place in Geneva last July*. What I want to do today is to look at some of the things which have been happening since, in the light of Mr. Clark's conclusions, particularly the present talks in Moscow. Mr. Clark's view was that the unity of the west has compelled the Russians to realise that they cannot obtain their objectives by the use of force, and that as the result the Russians decided at Geneva to make a public demonstration that the cold war of abuse and recrimination was ending. Hence the goodwill at the summit, and the 'Geneva spirit' we have heard so much about in the last two months. But Mr. Clark added: 'It is as unwise to think that Geneva has meant no change in Russian policy as it is to think it has meant a complete reversal of Russian policy'.

It is pretty clear that in the sense that Mr. Billy Graham can be invited to Moscow and that Mr. Molotov can be photographed wearing a Stetson hat somewhere in the Middle West, there has been a complete change in Russian policy, that is to say the Russians have evidently made up their minds that, for the reasons so clearly explained by Mr. Clark, it is better to humour the west than to go on acting tough with it. And this of course is a great improvement, for it means that instead of continuing to have nothing whatever to do with the west the Russians have adopted something of the give and take of ordinary human intercourse when dealing with the west. This could mean that in the end it might be possible to convince some of them that some of the proposals we make ought at any rate to be considered, which is a most important step forward. In that sense of the word there certainly has been a complete reversal of policy. But when we speak of Russian policy in the wider sense of the word, I personally have yet to be convinced that there has been the slightest change in their ultimate objective. Their methods and their tactics have changed, but so far their strategy seems

to me exactly the same. As Mr. Clark himself has pointed out, both Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden have said that the success or failure of Geneva will not become apparent until the next round of diplomatic meetings.

The first of these meetings began last Thursday when Dr. Adenauer, the west German Chancellor, arrived in Moscow. For the last eight years it has been the overriding object of Russian policy to get foreign troops and foreign bases removed from western Europe. For this the question of Germany is absolutely crucial because west Germany is the essential base for Nato, and because Nato needs west German troops. The Russians can say to Dr. Adenauer, as Marshal Bulganin said to the Geneva Conference, that they will agree to the unity of the two Germanys provided the new united Germany is ready to follow the path of the People's Democracies in eastern Europe and abandon Nato. If Dr. Adenauer were to buy German unity at this price, the American military leaders in the Pentagon would certainly write off western Europe altogether and possibly this country as well, and the Russians would be home and dry with their objective number one attained.

And let us make no mistake about it, the bait of German unity is something which since the Holy Roman Empire down to the time of Bismarck and Hitler in our own days has had a mystical and almost irresistible attraction to the ordinary German. Only last Friday, Dr. Adenauer himself said in Moscow that the division of Germany was against God-given and human right and against nature. So what the Russians can offer the Germans, if they will pay the price, is something which means a very great deal to them, and it is significant that the Russian press has recently been reminding the world of the immense benefits the Weimar Republic obtained from the Rapallo Pact of 1920 when, if you remember, Germany allied herself with Soviet Russia.

I am not suggesting for one moment that Dr. Adenauer is in the least likely to fall for any of this. On the contrary, it sounds as if he

has been fighting back as hard as he can in Moscow, and in any case western Germany under his guidance has been a loyal and successful partner of the west. But I simply cannot believe that because the Geneva conference showed that their manners have improved, the Russians are now ready to throw away this tremendously important bait of unity which they can offer the Germans. In the course of human nature, Dr. Adenauer will not be with us for ever, and it may well be the Russian game to undermine his position at home by showing him up to the western Germans as the man who, by refusing the Russian terms, stood in the way of German unity.

In any case, why should we assume that because their manners have improved, their objectives no longer remain the same?

On the contrary, it may well be that one of the main reasons for their change of method is that they have realised that the toughness of the past ten years has brought them no nearer to their objectives, and that there are positive advantages about the new tactics of amiability and goodwill. One obvious advantage is that the new tactics may put us off our guard and dissipate the sense of urgency which during the past seven or eight years has made such things possible as the Marshall Plan and Nato. Whether it is because of Geneva or not, it is remarkable how wide are the cracks which have appeared in the Western Alliance. The breakdown of the London conference on Cyprus, for instance, has led to a serious rift between Greece and Turkey, at the vital eastern end of the Nato system. This has happened at a moment when Yugoslavia, with whom both Greece and Turkey are allied through the Balkan Pact, is being assiduously cultivated by the Russians and has accepted financial assistance from Moscow. Then, again, France's troubles in Morocco and Algeria have compelled her to reduce her troops in Germany from five to two divisions, and, what is more, the war she has had to wage against the Moslems and Berbers in Morocco is widening still further

the gap between the uncommitted Moslem countries of the Middle East and the west. It will also make it even more difficult than it already is for the west to induce the countries of the Middle East to create a local system of collective defence against the Russian menace, for instance by extending the Turco-Iraqi pact to other Middle Eastern countries. As it is, the recent incidents in the Gaza strip, which a few days ago brought Egypt and Israel to the brink of war, have rallied the Iraqis, the Syrians, and the Lebanese to the side of Egypt, and have strengthened the will of the Egyptians to remain uncommitted to the Western Powers, whom every Egyptian suspects of supporting the Jews.

I am not saying that the breakdown of the London conference or the troubles in North Africa and on the Israeli-Egyptian frontier have happened entirely or even mainly because we in the west have lost our sense of urgency through the new atmosphere between east and west since Geneva. What I am saying is that here are three situations—the troubles between Turkey and Greece, the situation in North Africa, and the tension between Egypt and Israel over Gaza—which have all arisen since Geneva, and which can all work only to the advantage of the Russians. So the Russians can score heavily against the west in spite of the Geneva spirit.

There are two conclusions which I think can be drawn from all this. It is far too soon to say that the Russians have abandoned any of their objectives even if they have changed the methods they have been using to attain them. On the contrary, the case of Germany points decisively in the opposite direction. And, secondly, if we accept the view that Russia's objectives have not changed, we must be careful to avoid making mistakes which help the Russians gain them, because they will seize any opportunities we let them have in spite of all the *bonhomie* of the Geneva spirit. Whatever you make of Geneva, there certainly seems to be no case for saying the west can afford to relax.

—Home Service

Border Clashes at Gaza

By SIR THOMAS RAPP

ONCE again, news of serious border clashes between Israelis and Arabs has focused attention on both the dangers and miseries inseparable from the continuance of a state of war between them and on the fragility of the uneasy armistice. Happily, tension has now somewhat relaxed after the recent outbreak of violence at Gaza*, but it is a fact that the latest incidents there have been more consistently violent than any since the Armistice Agreement was signed in 1948.

It is important to note the changing pattern in this long sequence of incidents between the Arabs and the Israelis. The main cause of earlier friction was the spontaneous infiltration of individual Arabs into Israel for purely personal reasons; they came, particularly, across the Jordan border, whose length and other characteristics made it difficult to control. The irritation caused to Israel by this infiltration led her to adopt a policy of ruthless retaliatory action with her armed forces.

This year the scene has shifted to the Gaza area—a strip of what was once Palestine, and now militarily administered by Egypt and packed with Arab refugees. In the first years of the armistice there was a constant movement of refugees from Gaza to Jordan across Israeli territory. For some time the Israelis tolerated this traffic, but when Israeli military settlements were established on the Gaza borders and intensive development of the Negeb began, a tougher policy was adopted. One result of this policy was a reprisal attack last February which caused heavy casualties, not to the civilian population as hitherto but to the Egyptian armed forces. It is possible that the reasons for this attack were to be found both in local provocation and in resentment at acts of the Egyptian Government regarded as unfriendly by public opinion in Israel, which demanded an effective reply.

Be that as it may, this attack certainly intensified the bitterness of Egyptian feelings towards Israel. So there was a stiffening of the Egyptian frontier both by military and para-military forces. It is, therefore, no longer possible for either side to plead that incidents at Gaza are the work of individuals or groups beyond their control; for both the Egyptian and Israeli Governments are now clearly involved, and behind each government is a public opinion to which it must give some heed if its internal position is not to be endangered.

After the February attack the Security Council called on both sides

to co-operate with General Burns, the head of the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organisation, in taking practical action to reduce tension. Talks between him and the two parties began on June 2 and dragged on for nearly two months—only to be broken off by Egypt. The principal stumbling block was Egypt's reluctance to do anything that might imply that she recognised Israel as a sovereign state. The year began the latest series of incidents.

There are also good reasons for thinking that neither side wants the frontier affrays to develop into more general hostilities. Yet there is always a danger that events may escape their control, for, naturally, the atmosphere is highly charged. For her part Egypt continues to receive assurances of support from other Arab states with promises of military help, while there are those on the Israeli side who believe that only a further round with the Arabs, while the going still seems to be good, will ever achieve a final settlement of accounts.

Great Britain cannot stand aside from these events, and, from the point of view of diplomatic activity that has been taking place, it is clear that she is not doing so—for it is our problem as well as that of the states immediately involved. Britain, with the United States and France, has guaranteed the existing armistice line against any attempt to change it by force; and Mr. Macmillan reaffirmed in the House of Commons on June 15 last that we stand by this declaration.

The only real remedy for these recurrent troubles is peace and harmony between the Arab world and Israel, which Britain has always been anxious to bring about. For we are not only concerned with our national interests, but we are concerned about the hardships and handicaps that the present uneasy situation imposes on both sides. There is the tragic plight of the 900,000 Arab refugees, half of them children below the age of fifteen, who are maintained at a bare subsistence level by the United Nations. Without real peace there is little future for them. Then there are the stresses and strains which continued unrest causes to the economies of Israel and the bordering Arab states.

Both sides are entrenched in fixed positions which they regard as unassailable; and so long as they remain so, it seems that the western world and the United Nations can only hope to reduce tensions and localise disputes, reluctantly leaving it to the healing process of time to do the rest.—From a talk in the Home Service

Democracy and Diplomacy Today

By SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD

WHEN people talk about international relations they often contrast something called the 'old diplomacy' with something else which they describe as the 'new diplomacy'. The old diplomacy is associated with court ceremonial and closed doors, and behind these closed doors the conclusion of secret agreements and even more baneful secret military alliances. The

new diplomacy is associated with democratic and parliamentary control, with open discussions and open agreements aimed at the prevention of war. The symbol of the old diplomacy was gold lace; the symbol of the new diplomacy is the round table.

This contrast can easily be overdone. After all, the old diplomacy of the period between the fall of Napoleon and the outbreak of the first world war has a 'new look' to it, if you compare it with the still older diplomacy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For the invention of the electric telegraph and the submarine cable affected the conditions of negotiation as much as any single technical change in our own time has affected them. The Foreign Office when Lord Salisbury left it was a very different place from what it had been when Lord Palmerston first went into it.

On the other hand, many of the things which we regard as recent are common to the old and to the new methods of carrying on the business of foreign policy. For example, public interest in the questions discussed by diplomats was greater during the nineteenth century than we are apt to think. For obvious reasons this interest fluctuated; it tended to fall during a long period of peace. Nevertheless, in the latter half of the nineteenth century there was a popular song about British foreign policy in the Near East—the song which added the word 'jingoism' to our dictionaries ('We don't want to fight, But by Jingo, if we do, We've got the men, we've got the ships, We've got the money too'). Perhaps few of the singers knew why it was an essential British interest that the Russians should not have Constantinople, but I wonder how many of the people who talked about 'collective security' in the nineteen-thirties knew what they meant by it.

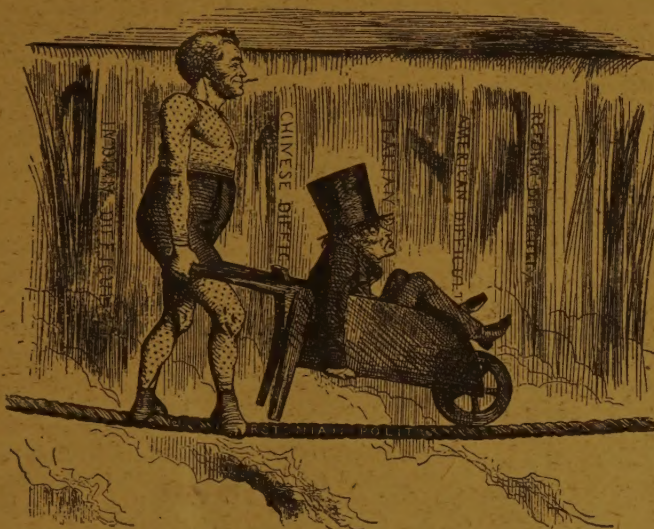
The division of the world according to ideological differences is also not new. Such a division was known to the Crusaders; it was understood by Sir Francis Drake, and somewhat misunderstood by Oliver Cromwell. As for the 'closed doors' behind which the old diplomacy was supposed to be carried on, any shrewd reader of the political news in *The Times* a hundred years ago knew pretty well what was the foreign policy of his own and other governments. If he also read the financial news in *The Times* with equal shrewdness he might discover backstairs reasons for policy of which many diplomatists were themselves unaware. Furthermore, if the doors were securely closed, the windows were often left open, and sharp-eared journalists could overhear a good deal of what the diplomats were saying.

Delane, the great editor of *The Times* from 1841 to 1877, said that he disliked being told things in confidence, since he was thereby prevented from printing them when, as usually happened, he heard about them later from an open source.

Or, again, it is often pointed out that one of the features of the old diplomacy was its subjection to the personal caprice of rulers—for

example, the inner lack of confidence and consequent outer bombast and international bad manners of Kaiser William II, yet surely these factors have been present to an even more embarrassing extent in the diplomacy of the last twenty-five years. Hitler's disordered mind made any businesslike conduct of affairs impossible: the Munich meeting was perhaps the worst piece of muddled improvisation ever dignified with the name of conference. Mussolini pushed personal rancour, as a motive of policy, far beyond any of the vagaries of the Kaiser; and, if one may say so, the attitude of certain leading members of the United States Senate towards the Covenant of the League of Nations was an exhibition of obstinacy and prejudice which would have brought the sharpest comment from Queen Victoria.

So it is safer not to draw any hard and fast line in the year 1914. I think of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries together as a period of continuous change in which, none the less, old factors reappear in a disconcerting way. From this angle of view the more businesslike methods of the new diplomacy fall into place with similar transformations in other fields of social activity. These transformations came with the rise of a professional middle class. Indeed the trouble about the practitioners of diplomacy was that in many respects they took so long to acquire the new standards. The weakness of many professional diplomats has been that they have not shown themselves sufficiently professional at their own jobs.



'Blondin Outdone': a contemporary cartoon of Lord Palmerston
By permission of the proprietors of 'Punch'



A modern Foreign Ministers' conference: the opening session, on August 29, of talks on Cyprus between Great Britain, Turkey, and Greece, at Lancaster House, London. The British delegation, led by Mr. Harold Macmillan, is on the left

This rise in professional standards and in the amount of expert knowledge required to solve and even to discuss international problems has had an interesting effect on the status and real authority of Foreign Ministers. Lord Palmerston could probably have answered out of his head most of the leading questions likely to be put to him by critics. No one supposes that a Foreign Secretary today can reply from personal knowledge to the detailed enquiries made of him. A Foreign Secretary now cannot, like Lord Salisbury, do most of his work, other than seeing ambassadors, at his country or town house. He cannot write letter after letter to British diplomatic representatives abroad or compose long minutes on every important paper; he cannot read more than a fraction of the despatches and telegrams which pour into his office. He must depend far more than his Victorian predecessors on the competence and judgement of his highest subordinates.

There is a well-known comment by one such Permanent Under-Secretary—not in the Foreign Office—that a new Minister always began by saying 'I' and within a few days fell into the habit of saying 'we' when he talked of the proposals put forward by his Department. Indeed, a very interesting study might be made of the extent to which Foreign Secretaries—and other Ministers—during the last forty years have or have not disappeared behind their professional advisers. Once upon a time it was fairly safe for a historian to embark upon a book about the foreign policy of Lord X or Mr. Y. It is much less easy to know today where the Department ends and Lord X begins.

Curious Paradox

There is, however, a curious paradox in all these changes. The issues in international relations have become much more complicated—the pressure of business is more severe. These circumstances demand that a Foreign Secretary should spend more of his time within his own office; yet, odd as it may seem, public opinion expects him to conduct in person his own diplomacy abroad to an extent which would have astonished everyone in the half-century before the first world war. Obviously one reason for the change is the speed of modern travel, but there is more to it than this. After all, Salisbury and Edward Grey lived in the age of railways, but Salisbury did not attend an international conference after the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Grey never went to one, though modern usage would almost certainly have required his presence at the Algeiras Conference on the Moroccan question in 1906. At the time of the Balkan Wars Grey held private meetings of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers in London, but large conferences between Foreign Ministers or heads of governments did not become a regular feature, or rather did not reappear as a regular feature, in the discussion of international problems until the end of the first world war.

These meetings re-emerged largely because there were, as after every European war, so many problems for settlement. Moreover, the meetings of the Council of the League set up a regular pattern of discussion. The pattern was not always fortunate. During the second world war the political discussions between heads of governments at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam were even less fortunate; they showed, incidentally, that a meeting, at the highest level, of three or four is a much less manageable affair than a meeting of two powers. The records of many of these three-power, or four-power, or even more general conferences since 1918 have been published. They do not give an impression that the eminent participants, conversing often through interpreters, say much more than they have already said or implied through diplomatic channels. If differences of aim and policy run deep, they are hardly likely to be settled during a few days' talk, with a crowded agenda, and in an atmosphere of melodramatic publicity where prestige and face-saving attain an unhealthy importance. The agreed *communiqués* issued at these conferences often illustrate only too clearly the anxiety of each participant not to go away without having something—maybe only a cluster of brightly coloured air balloons, or a paper cap or two—to show on his return home.

From the Congress of Berlin in 1878 to the many conferences after 1918 on reparations, these meetings seem at best to have 'papered over the cracks', that is to say, to have settled an immediate crisis without really solving any of the problems concerned. Perhaps in this imperfect world 'papering over the cracks' is all that one can expect. A different metaphor, 'lowering the international tension', puts a better appearance on things, and, anyhow, it is something if a crisis can be postponed.

So, in view of the somewhat meagre results hitherto obtained from the meetings of 'principals', it might seem odd that public opinion today should set such store on them. This popular hope of far-reaching consequences from personal talks between heads of governments is,

I think, fundamentally, a human reaction to all administrative complications of modern society and to the *expertise* of experts. It is a reversion to a simpler view of leadership, a belief, if you like, that the ultimate political decisions are easy decisions; that human personality can triumph over the sinister tyranny of things, and that, where there is a will, there is a way.

There has been, of course, a new feature in the recent demand for a meeting of heads of governments. The new feature is known to everyone. For the first time the heads of governments have met in circumstances which do not allow them to consider the use of armed force in the case of disagreement. War is no longer a continuation of politics by other means. It is mass suicide. Hence one may say that the heads of governments are now in the position of Tweedledum and Tweedledee when the monstrous crow flew over, but, there it is, they must forge their quarrel. Our present situation is indeed one of awful and terrifying comedy; the comic element will loom larger to our descendants, years and years hence, if things go well in our time. Is it not a form of 'father-worship' to believe that the leaders at the summit of power in each great state can discuss together and settle international problems without even a hidden reference to the possible use of armed force? No other belief is open to us. There is, for example, no possibility now that world peace might come through the anarchy of world revolution.

I would not venture to estimate the real degree of success attained at the recent conference of heads of governments held in this extraordinary setting. My mind runs to the history of men like Augustus or King Alfred or certain great Popes who have turned the course of history, but it is safer for us in the present to be warned against hoping too much from any festive exchange of speeches. During these last few months I have often remembered a sermon which my father heard in his country church. The preacher was talking about the rejoicings at the return of the prodigal son to his family. He said that the real test of the prodigal's sincerity and of the family welcome to him did not come on the night of his return when they dined off the fatted calf. The real test came later in the week when they were all getting a little tired of cold veal. Maybe we as well as our diplomats have to face a good many suppers of cold veal.—*Home Service*

The T.U.C. Conference at Southport

By PAUL BAREAU

IF AT SOUTHPORT THE T.U.C. had given its approval to a nation-wide round of wage increases the balance of payments would certainly deteriorate further. In the long run it would do so by undermining our ability to export; but in the much shorter run it would undermine something else—namely confidence in sterling and would therefore encourage further withdrawals of foreign money from this country. At Southport there was, of course, hard banging of the Conservative Government. Of course all the blame for the present crisis was laid on its shoulders—particularly on the shoulders of Mr. Butler for introducing last April a soft budget flavoured with political expediency and little else. But Mr. Geddes, the T.U.C. president, having said all that, reminded the delegates that organised labour had its responsibilities; that when in the past the unions had striven to improve the lot of the workers they had been striving not only for themselves but for their children; that if they now over-exploited their bargaining strength and so wrecked the economy they would bring down on their own children the curse of unemployment from which this generation had been freed. And Mr. Heywood, chairman of the T.U.C. Economic Committee, told the delegates not to be infantile in demanding higher wages that would merely lead to higher prices.

Naturally, these were not the only voices heard at the Congress. The communist-led Electrical Trades Union moved a resolution which would have given T.U.C. backing for a general campaign for further wage increases. It was defeated by a solid majority—though it was made clear that individual unions would in no way be inhibited, save by the general arguments I have mentioned, from pursuing their own wage negotiations. Indeed, many wage demands have been tabled in recent weeks, ranging from those of the coal miners to those by policemen and railway workers. These will go forward, but without encouraging noises from Transport House. There was another resolution which would have pressed for a general forty-hour week and a cut in overtime. It was also defeated though by a much smaller majority. Who would have imagined, ten or fifteen years ago, that such resolutions could be defeated at a T.U.C. conference?—*From a talk in the European Service*

The Secret of Bismarck's Ascendancy

WICKHAM STEED recalls memories of the German statesman

BETWEEN people who remember things, and younger folk who read and write about them, there is apt to be a difference of opinion. I am not sure, for example, that those who may remember, in fifty or sixty years' time, what things were like when Sir Winston Churchill was Prime Minister, and how they felt about him, will altogether agree with grandchildren who may only have read his books and speeches. In a way, this is rather how I feel about a very brilliant book* by the young Oxford historian, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, upon Bismarck, the maker of the Second German Empire and its 'Iron Chancellor'.

I ought to say at once that I saw and observed Bismarck only between 1892 and 1896, after his fall from power in 1890, whereas this book covers his whole life from 1815 to 1898. Except in the light of my own reading of German and European history, I do not challenge Mr. Taylor's view of Bismarck and his work; and he has dug many interesting and enlightening things out of the huge mass of material accumulated round the Bismarck saga.

All the same, I find it hard to accept his contention that the man who turned Austria out of Germany in 1866, 'with blood and iron', as the phrase went; who then marshalled thirty-nine German states into a North German Confederation in readiness for war with France; who deliberately, on his own confession, manipulated a telegram from his King so that it might provoke the French into declaring war in 1870; who then transformed the victorious North German Confederation into the German Empire, with the King of Prussia as its hereditary chief—I find it hard to believe that this man was mainly a hand-to-mouth opportunist, turning to account whatever chances came his way, but no far-sighted planner or plotter. I think Bismarck was quick to understand, and swift in taking advantage of, any and every turn in a situation, the more critical the situation the better; I think he was passionate, dominating, ill-tempered, vindictive, and unscrupulous in the means he chose to gain his ends; but that through and underneath it all lay his conviction that he, and no one else, could unite Germany and, once united, save her from disaster. I think, too, that if his successors and the Emperor William II had stuck to his policy of never letting Germany be drawn into a European war for the sake of Austrian ambitions in the Balkans, the first world war might not have broken out in 1914, nor would the German Empire have been overthrown in 1918.

Bismarck, no doubt, canvassed in his own mind, and may have discussed with others, various alternatives to what he actually did. Before his great strokes of policy he was (as Mr. Taylor recognises) given to 'long solitary brooding'. But never did he seek the counsel of others on his policy as a whole; and he was incapable of co-operation. When his mind was made up, he sought to impose his will. 'I cannot be the servant of princes', he exclaimed after a stiff tussle with the Emperor William I. 'It is not easy to be Emperor under such a Chancellor', sighed William I when Bismarck had, once again, forced him to give way.

I first saw Bismarck in July 1892, as the object of hero-worship and rapturous admiration from 15,000 ordinary Germans on the market place of Jena in Thuringia. Their spontaneous fervour might not have

impressed me so much if I had not observed it from Bismarck's platform, well above the crowd. How I came to be on that platform is an odd story which, incidentally, bears out a detail mentioned by Mr. Taylor. Bismarck, he writes, was a big man, made bigger by persistence in eating and drinking too much; 'yet . . . when he spoke, his voice, which one would have expected to be deep and powerful, was thin and reedy—almost a falsetto'. I had gone to Jena to learn more German, and to study economics at the university, in preparation for journalism, and I had been authorised by an English news agency to send it telegrams about anything I might find especially interesting. What could be more interesting than to see a quiet academic town suddenly go mad

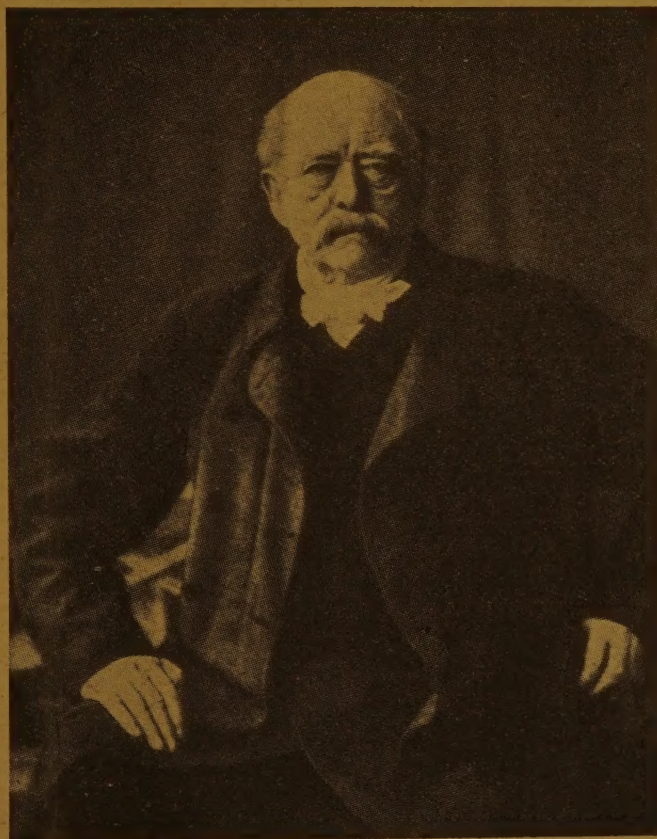
with delight on hearing that Bismarck would spend a day there and make a speech! When the great day came I got a seat at a beer table near the front of the platform Bismarck was to speak from. The speech was sure to be important—it was his first big speech since his dismissal—and I was determined to hear it. Yet, when he began to speak, I found that his voice, the cracked voice of an ancient tenor in the mouth of a colossus, could hardly be heard at all. So, with what my fellow-students rightly felt to be outrageous cheek, I crept round to the back of the platform, which was boarded up, climbed over it, dropped on to the platform and, murmuring the magic word '*Presse*', squeezed my way to the side of a man who was standing next to Bismarck.

By this time Bismarck was warming to his work and was making the crowd hear. I asked the man next to him to tell me the point of a sentence that had been cut short by uproarious applause and cheering; and he, hearing my faulty German, kindly gave me a running version of the rest of the speech in French. When, at length, the speech ended with a boisterous '*Salamander*' (the emptying of thousands of beer glasses at a gulp and the rattling of the empty glasses on the tables) I slipped away over the back of the platform

again, ran to the post office, and sent off a message to the news agency in London. It was my first 'scoop'.

Not till later did I understand how much more than a journalistic 'scoop' it had been. It had taught me that masses of Germans still looked upon Bismarck as the embodiment of Germany, and cheered to the echo his strictures upon the young Emperor, 'so different from the old Emperor whom it had been possible', Bismarck said, 'to guide and teach'. When I saw him receive deputations in the afternoon, and send them away charmed by his gracious urbanity, and thrilled with his magnetism, I thought I understood the secret of his ascendancy; and the treatment of his visit as a kind of cleansing ceremony that removed from Jena the stigma of the Prussian defeat there by Napoleon, only eighty-six years before—all this stimulated my interest in German history. This interest deepened when, after a couple of terms at Berlin University, I went to study European history in Paris at the Sorbonne, and watched the steady growth of friendship between France and Russia.

The growth of this friendship was gall and wormwood to Bismarck. So when, in September 1896, the Tsar of Russia, during a visit to France, spoke publicly of Franco-Russian 'brotherhood in arms', Bismarck's wrath knew no bounds. By that time I was back in Germany,



Bismarck in 1895

* *Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman*, by A. J. P. Taylor (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.), from which the illustration on this page is taken

acting as the Berlin correspondent of *The Times*; and it was then that my interest in Bismarck and German history stood me in good stead.

Bismarck was living on his estate at Friedrichsruh, not very far from Hamburg. Occasionally a Hamburg newspaper, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, printed unsigned contributions that Bismarck might have written or inspired. There was little or nothing to distinguish them from ordinary newspaper comment. On October 15, 1896, one such contribution reminded the Tsar—who was then staying with his wife's family in Germany—that there had been a much older feeling of 'brotherhood in arms' between Germany and Russia in 1877; and, by way of proving it, it reproduced the text of a letter which Bismarck had written to the Emperor William I at that time. Then, ostensibly as a reply to a liberal journal in Berlin, which had argued that even in Bismarck's time Russo-German relations had sometimes been strained, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* published, on Sunday, October 24, a leading article so audacious that it took my breath away.

This article said that for some years before Bismarck was dismissed, Russia and Germany had agreed by a secret treaty that if one of them should be attacked from any quarter the other would remain 'benevolently neutral'. Thus, if Germany were attacked by France, Russia would remain passive; and, if Russia were attacked by Austria, Germany would remain passive. This 'reinsurance' treaty had been allowed to lapse by Bismarck's successor, whereas Russia had been ready to renew it. So Russia became suspicious of German intentions, and made an alliance with France.

I felt that this article, if it were anything more than the work of an anonymous pro-Bismarckian scribe, was a European sensation of the first magnitude. In substance it seemed to say that Germany, who had been allied with Austria against Russia since 1879, had agreed to leave Austria in the lurch in the event of an Austro-Russian war which Austria might be accused of having provoked. In return for this dishonest 'reinsurance' against Germany's ally, Bismarck was promised that Russia would keep out of a Franco-German war. So he had made sure that France would remain isolated. Now, she had escaped from isolation, and he was furious.

I turned these things over in my mind for some hours before deciding to treat the *Hamburger Nachrichten* article as Bismarck's own work. In

fact I went 'whole hog' about it, fully realising that *The Times* might have no further use for my services if I should be mistaken. Next day I had a fright. Not a single German newspaper noticed the article, my diplomatic acquaintances pooh-poohed it as humbug, and no other foreign correspondent in Berlin had touched it. Not till the evening of Tuesday, October 26, more than forty-eight hours after the article had appeared, was there any public reference to it. Then the storm broke. It was more like an earthquake than a storm, for it shook Germany and the greater part of Europe. In Germany Bismarck was denounced as no better than a traitor. Some journals angrily demanded his impeachment. His answer was:

The German Empire is an artificial product, slowly created. Its conservation demands a steady hand and an eye aware of the course of history. The Empire cannot endure another six years like the last.

Though I think that Mr. Taylor treats this episode far too lightly—its effects at the time prompted the British ambassador to ask me whether Germany was not on the eve of a revolution—much may be forgiven him for his lively portrayal of Bismarck's character. It is refreshing to read of Bismarck's surrender to a somewhat shady doctor whom he wished to consult about his ill-health and increasing weight, but whom he warned roughly that he did not like being questioned. 'Then, get a vet! He doesn't question his patients!' was the rougher reply. Condemning him to eat only herrings—probably pickled herrings—this doctor reduced Bismarck's weight from eighteen to fourteen stone in four months. After Bismarck's dismissal, 13,000 bottles of wine had to be removed in a hurry from his residence—most of them, I fancy, gifts from devoted admirers, for Bismarck was no spendthrift. Still, everything about him seems to have been on a big scale, never bigger than in his prophecy, after a formal reconciliation with the Emperor William II in 1895: 'Twenty years after the death of Frederick the Great, came the defeat of Prussia at Jena; if things go on like this, the crash will come twenty years after I am gone'. He died at the end of July, 1898. The crash came in the summer and autumn of 1918, with the defeat of Germany, the flight of the Emperor to Holland, and the replacement of the Empire by the Weimar Republic, which Hitler overthrew. Did Bismarck ever ask himself, I wonder, whether Germany might have fared better if he had not united her in the Second Empire?—*Home Service*

The New Dilemma of the American South

JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN on desegregation

WITHIN the past century the American South has had to face a number of dilemmas, each related in some way to Negro-white relations and each creating tensions and dissipating greatly needed energies and resources. Before the civil war there was the vexatious problem of slavery. When the institution was condemned by people in other parts of the country and abroad as economically unsound and morally reprehensible, the South found itself having to make a choice. It could either adhere to the principles of equality that were gradually becoming a part of the American tradition, or it could repudiate those principles and launch an all-out defence of the 'cornerstone' of its civilisation. The principles of equality had been expressed by no one more eloquently than by the South's greatest philosopher, Thomas Jefferson. But even this fact did not sanctify the principles, and they were rejected as having no validity for the southern way of life.

The choice of the South, in this instance, plunged the section into a period characterised by intolerance, specious rationalisations, and violence. It began to pursue a course that logically led to secession, civil war, and incalculable tragedy.

The decision of the battlefield in 1865 relieved the South neither of its right to make a choice nor of its apparent determination to make its choice on the basis of emotion and sentiment. After the civil war, with the flower of its mankind killed or broken in body and spirit, with its slave property taken from it, and its countryside laid waste, the South faced another choice. The industrial revolution in America was in full swing and was rapidly transforming almost every aspect of life in the country. Soon, the South felt the full effects of these far-reaching

changes; and it was called upon to make some adjustments to them. It could either accept the full implications of the new social and economic order or it could qualify to the point of nullifying the possible benefits it might bring. In refusing to accept the Negro into full citizenship and in excluding him from the benefits of the new industrial and agricultural order, Southerners created a situation that, in the long run, dissipated the human and physical resources of their section and made it a colony of the North and the rest of the world.

The choice that the South made at this critical juncture in its history was clear, unmistakable, and deliberate. Whites declined to join hands with their Negro fellows to forge a dynamic and effective new order. Instead, they chose to cavil over the Negro's inadequacies and to embrace Northern and European capital to develop the section. The arrangement that followed was thoroughly disadvantageous to the South. White Southerners confused their needs with their wants. They actually lost sight of their needs and got what they wanted most of all: domination of the Negro. Northerners knew precisely what they needed and wanted, and they got it: domination of the South's economic life, which it has, in some measure, maintained down to the present day.

At the turn of the century, when much of the nation was in the ferment of reform and was promoting the idea of greater economic and political democracy, the South again made a choice. Tempting as progressivism was, with its refreshing vitality and its many reforms, the South would not embrace it altogether. It accepted only portions of it; and, whenever it did, it threw around it the sign, 'For Whites only'. Meanwhile, it disfranchised the Negro, when other parts of the country were extending the suffrage. It was enacting segregation statutes when

other parts of the country were admitting the shame of racial discrimination as their first step towards doing something about it. The South's politicians were campaigning for office on white supremacy platforms and its scholars were 'discovering' new evidences of the inferiority of the Negro, when the rest of the nation was trying to forget its long record of shameful mistreatment of the American Negro. The South proclaimed to all the world the choice it had made by writing its new views on white supremacy into the constitutions and laws of the States and by accelerating its lynchings of Negroes. It had deliberately chosen to turn the clock back to an earlier, less civilised, era in the history of mankind.

Against their own Best Interests

The curious thing about the choices that the South has made is that they have not only been out of harmony with the dominant trend in American life but have generally been against the best interests of the South itself. These choices have led to a war in which the South suffered more than any other section, to an economic order in which the South has been at a clear disadvantage, and to a political and social order that has not only been unprogressive but, in some respects, stagnant as well. These choices have rendered almost impossible the creation of satisfactory relations among the people of the South, or between the South and other parts of the country.

Another curious thing is that invariably the South has looked upon the choices it has made as positions involving high principles of honour and morality. This has made retreat or compromise difficult, if not impossible. Choices made in such a context have propelled the South to a series of points of no return, with failure or disaster ahead of her and humiliation or embarrassment behind her. They constitute the background, however, that the South brings to its newest and, in some respects, its most perplexing dilemma. This new problem was created by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1954, declaring racially segregated schools unconstitutional. It was further aggravated by the Court's order last May that States having segregated schools must make a 'prompt and reasonable' start towards complying with the Court's decision and they should proceed with 'all deliberate speed'.

The decision and the order came as a terrible and bitter disappointment to most of the South's leaders and to a considerable number of the rank-and-file of the white citizens of the South. For more than two generations they had considered segregated schools the very bulwark of their way of life, a 'cornerstone', as it were, to southern civilisation. Perhaps they could tolerate Negroes voting, or make some slight concessions to them in the economic sphere, or, if absolutely necessary, tolerate them in the same railroad cars. But they would never, never permit Negroes to go to 'their' schools. Separate schools had made possible not only the diversion of the lion's share of public funds to schools for whites, but had helped to strengthen the argument for segregation. As inadequately prepared Negroes emerged from woefully inferior schools, the whites could point to them as examples of the inability of the Negro to assimilate learning. It mattered not that in some instances the educational opportunities available to white children were many times greater than those available to Negro children. Ill-prepared and ignorant Negroes were proof that they should be segregated; proof, too, in the South's curious way of reasoning, that they should not have equal opportunities.

First Breach in the Wall

Southern whites had become frightened some fifteen years ago when the first breach in the wall of segregated schools was made by the Supreme Court's decision that Negroes were entitled to the same graduate and professional education within the State that was available to whites. Southern States began immediately to establish graduate and professional schools for Negroes in order to continue to exclude them from white institutions. But these efforts were in vain, for the Supreme Court then decreed that Negroes were entitled to attend the same graduate and professional schools that whites attended. This decree came too late for me, however, for I had already been compelled to go outside my own State to secure graduate training. Entertaining a growing fear that white elementary and secondary schools might be opened to Negroes by court order, southern school boards began to improve Negro schools. Where unpainted, unheated, ill-equipped one-room schools for Negroes had stood for generations, there were erected modern, well-equipped structures. Surely the Supreme Court would not outlaw segregated schools if they were, in fact, equal in every detail. This expensive, frantic programme had not been nearly completed

when the Supreme Court handed down its recent momentous decision.

Small wonder that many white Southerners reacted vehemently to the decision. Forgetting, for the moment, the basic assumptions underlying their maintenance of separate schools, and the many years of inequity in the use of public funds for the education of black and white children, they declared that the Supreme Court had interfered with peaceful, local solutions to a difficult problem. Nothing rankled white Southerners more than the Court's mandate that legal segregation should be ended with all deliberate speed. Time, and plenty of time, was one thing that Southerners had always insisted upon in dealing with the race question. Those who suggested that speed could be employed in any manner merely revealed their own ignorance of the almost immutable nature of the race problem.

Turning their full wrath on the highest judicial body in the land, some of the South's most respectable and responsible leaders described the work of the Supreme Court as reckless and irresponsible. One leading southern editor referred to the Supreme Court justices as 'that inept fraternity of politicians and professors', and declared that the Court 'repudiated the Constitution, spit upon the tenth amendment, and rewrote the fundamental law of this land to suit their own gauzy concepts of sociology'. The legislature of one State, by unanimous vote, passed a resolution declaring that it was impossible to educate the children of both races in the same school. The governors of several States expressed unalterable opposition to the decision, and said that, if necessary, they would recommend the closing of the public schools in order to prevent the 'mixing of races' in the schoolrooms.

Most Southern states have postponed any substantial implementation of the decision, with the excuse that they are making a 'study' of the situation. And in the few instances, outside the District of Columbia and the border States, where communities have proceeded to desegregate their schools, they have been roundly denounced for being precipitate in their actions and for not 'holding the line'.

The Real Tragedy

The real tragedy of the South, today as previously, is that it has subordinated the crucial and terribly perplexing problems that it confronts to the problem of race. In the eighteen-fifties, too few Southerners were concerned with the growing crisis in their economic life and clung to the erroneous notion that more slaves and better land could solve all their problems. In the post-civil-war period, most Southerners seemed willing to sacrifice almost any economic advantages in return for guarantees that Negroes would share in none of the rights and privileges usually accorded to citizens. Today, the South again loses sight of some of its gravest problems in its desperate determination to keep Negroes and whites separated.

Today, Southerners are certainly giving insufficient attention to the far-reaching changes that give every indication of bringing about a full-scale revolution in the region. To be sure, several revolutions are occurring simultaneously, and they are inextricably interrelated. There is the agricultural revolution, with its mechanical cotton-picker, its new techniques in tobacco-growing and curing, and its diversification of crops. These developments are heralding the dawn of a new era in that sphere. There is the industrial revolution, which has attracted enormous capital and 'know-how' from the outside, has drawn hundreds of thousands of Southerners into the orbit of industrial life, and has created new and complex problems growing out of automation and difficult labour-management relations. And there is the social revolution, involving extensive urbanisation, new standards of living, new inter-relationships of social classes, and the new pressures regarding Negro-white relations.

Naturally the South is giving some attention to the many changes taking place. Here and there one senses an appreciation for the tremendous impact of the new agriculture on the South's rural population. Now and then one hears a discussion of the impact of automation and other new developments on the industrial population. But one looks in vain for a courageous, candid examination of the possible consequences of these epochal changes. Neither these changes nor the critical nature of current international relations are of as much concern to the average white Southerner as the possibility of one Negro child's attending a previously all-white school. On July 18 this year, the day on which the four heads of state met at Geneva, a morning newspaper in a large southern industrial city devoted a brief one-column article to that historic meeting. In the same number, there were five articles on the first page dealing with unfavourable comments and reactions to

(continued on page 426)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Dr. Adenauer's visit to Moscow

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Thoughts on Diplomacy

FEW academic historians have had a closer experience of the workings of the modern Foreign Office than Sir Llewellyn Woodward, whose recent broadcast on the subject of diplomacy is published on another page. At the end of the first world war he wrote one of those useful little historical pamphlets compiled for the benefit of officials, if officials have the time to read them. Then for many years he was a Fellow of All Souls where the college tutor merges into the Man of the World. Did not Sir John Simon and Geoffrey Dawson spend many a weekend there in the hey-day of appeasement? Thence Sir Llewellyn emerged to edit a magazine for the British Council, often writing it from cover to cover himself, to do war work for the Foreign Office, and finally to edit the documents on British foreign policy in volumes which have become more and more formidable as the years roll on. And now in that ivory tower at Princeton, where the great Albert Einstein worked, he is inditing mature historical thoughts which, one can be sure, will afford lively reading in the future.

In his broadcast Sir Llewellyn draws attention to the fact that the contrast commonly drawn between the new and the old diplomacy is not as clear cut as is often imagined. For it has sometimes been lightly said that in the old days before Woodrow Wilson started to praise open diplomacy and the League of Nations came into being, problems of foreign policy were settled by ambassadors writing dispatches. But in fact, at least since the Concert of Europe began to function at the end of the Napoleonic wars, statesmen have been travelling about Europe and interchanging visits. Lloyd George had his antecedent in Canning, and the Geneva Conference its parallel in the Congress of Berlin. Moreover it was common knowledge, as early as the seventeenth century, that peace conferences attended by Foreign Ministers were only likely to succeed if agreement had been reached beforehand by other channels, official, semi-official, or even unofficial. Experience taught statesmen that it was wiser to 'finalise' agreements publicly. In England they were liable to be impeached for treaties about which they knew nothing.

But treaties of any value cannot be drawn up and concluded in a few days. Mr. A. J. P. Taylor relates in his latest book how the task of the famous Congress of Berlin in 1878 was 'little more than to register the private agreements which had already been reached between Russia and England and between Russia and Austria-Hungary'. Bismarck, 'the honest broker', subordinated everything there 'to punctual and enormous meals'. One has read too how at war-time conferences in Moscow the chief problem was to cope with the vodka, just as in Japan diplomats had to learn how to manage the sake. If an older generation tended to think of diplomacy in terms of Sardou (not to mention the fatuous Sir Robert Chiltern in Oscar Wilde's 'An Ideal Husband') present-day readers have the impression that the central problem of diplomacy is how to drink much and say little. The dangerous conference, Sir Llewellyn appears to suggest, is that at which vital questions have not been settled beforehand. Whenever the Big Three or Four meet, it must be a harassing matter to decide how to satisfy the hungry press correspondents of the world, how to guard against assassinations, and how to prevent the delegations from suspecting that one is not 'ganging up' on the other. Another distinguished historian, Ernest Lavisse, once summed up the essence of international diplomacy epigrammatically: 'In public statesmen strike attitudes; they do business in the corridors'.

THE DOMINANT THEME of Soviet and east European broadcast output has been the talks between Dr. Adenauer and the Soviet leaders. Since they began, comments on Moscow radio have been uncompromisingly frank about the difficulties which lie in the way of an understanding, and have not hesitated to criticise the Chancellor and his friends, both within and outside the Federal Republic. One Moscow commentator took Dr. Adenauer to task for declaring that the talks would mark the beginning of normal relations between the Soviet Union and Germany, and said:

In the first place one cannot fail to note that Adenauer can speak not in the name of all Germany, but only on behalf of the Federal German Republic. Furthermore, it is common knowledge that normal good relations between the Soviet Union and Germany started to be established immediately after the war. The Soviet people, despite the heavy losses and destruction suffered in the last war, have no ill-feelings for the German people, as is clearly shown by the well known fact that good friendly relations have been established between the U.S.S.R. and the Democratic Republic. As regards the Federal Republic the first contact with it is now, indeed, being established.

Having dismissed the Chancellor's claim to speak for all Germany, Moscow radio proceeded to examine the obstacles to a solution of the outstanding problems between the two countries. Dealing with the question of the reunification of east and west Germany, one commentator had this to say:

It is known to everyone that the U.S.S.R. has been and remains a steadfast advocate of the unity of Germany as a peace-loving and democratic state. But one cannot disregard the serious obstacles constituted by the coming into force of the Paris Agreements. Moreover, it is essential that the hard fact of the existence of both the Federal Republic and the Democratic Republic should be taken into account, and that the solution of this important problem should be in conformity with appropriate international agreements for ensuring peace and security in Europe.

The Soviet attitude is made perfectly clear by another commentator:

The Soviet position has been fully stated. The Soviet Union ardently supported Germany's reunification as a peace-loving democratic state, but since the Paris Agreements had raised great obstacles, it believed that the German problem should be solved by way of easing international tension in Europe, liquidating existing military alignments, and establishing an effective all-European collective security system. The question of Germany's reunification could not be solved without the participation of both the Federal Republic and the Democratic Republic. The establishment of normal diplomatic, trade and cultural relations between the U.S.S.R. and the Federal German Republic would provide a foundation for co-operation between the two countries and thus make an important contribution to German unity.

Eastern European opinion on the talks has been less moderate in its tone. A commentator on the east German stations said that the Chancellor had shown himself to be 'an unregenerate chauvinist—not a prudent statesman'. He went on to refer to Dr. Adenauer's 'insolence and lack of scruple' in 'seeking to warm up the dastardly pretence that the Soviet Union retains not a few thousand war criminals serving their sentences, but millions of prisoners of war'. Another east German commentator, dealing with the same question of 'war criminals', pointed out that there was a difference between releasing war criminals whose homes were in east Germany, where the foundations of militarism had been destroyed, and those who lived in the Federal Republic where some who had been guilty of the worst crimes had regained positions of influence. A Prague Home Service speaker declared that the U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia both believed it to be unrealistic to propose that the people of the German Democratic Republic should simply abandon all their achievements and through a mechanical merger of both parts of Germany return to conditions whereby the policy of strength would be applied over the whole territory of Germany.

From Yugoslavia, a Zagreb commentator suggested that the German Chancellor was in a predicament. By delaying his visit to Moscow, he had been obliged to renounce preliminary conditions which he might perhaps have obtained before Geneva. Now, said the speaker, he might find it hard to justify his policy to the Opposition, which 'considers that the price Germany is paying for Nato membership is too high'.

Did You Hear That?

TATTERSALLS

FOR NEARLY 200 years Tattersalls in Knightsbridge has been famous throughout the world as a horse auction mart. Now the premises are being pulled down to make room for a new block of offices. LEONARD PARKIN spoke about this vanishing London landmark in 'The Eye-witness'. 'If you went now down Knightsbridge Green and then turned right, under the solid stone archway into the yard', he said, 'you would never think that for seventy years this was a regular Monday morning engagement for all the wealthy sporting gentry in town. The yard where Tattersalls' blue-capped grooms trotted the horses to show their paces is covered with building materials; the high, galleried sale-yard, which was covered with glass until a doodlebug demolished the last of it in 1944, is piled with stored scenery belonging to the Covent Garden Opera Company; the pictures of famous men and famous horses which graced the walls inside the ivy-covered office building have gone elsewhere; the subscription, or betting, room has lost its Victorian lavishness, and it is hard to imagine that this was Tattersalls, resort of fashion and reflection of fortune, where horses and guineas changed hands by the thousand.

'Tattersalls was founded in 1766 to deal in horses and hounds, carriages and harness, all so important in the more leisurely days of the eighteenth century. Its founder was one Richard Tattersall. Nowadays they call him Richard the First, although he was the sixth Richard Tattersall in a genealogical line I have seen traced back to the fourteenth century. It was this Richard who leased some land from the Earl of Grosvenor, near the present Hyde Park Corner. At the time, they were still shooting wildfowl on the boggy stretch of land which we now call Belgravia. He built stables, and he began to build a reputation for honest dealing. As the years whittled away his ninety-nine years' lease, Tattersalls—or 'The Corner', as they called it—became the Tattersalls we know today. Richard died and Edmund took over, and then came another Richard—and so it went on with a Tattersall in the firm until the death of Edmund Somerville Tattersall, a bachelor, in 1942.

'There was always a sort of trade mark at Tattersalls. At "The Corner" there was a cupola in the yard covering a fountain. In it was the seated effigy of a fox surmounted by a bust of George IV, showing him as he was as Prince of Wales in 1780 when, at the age of eighteen, he took advice on his horses from the founder of the firm. The cupola went with the firm to Knightsbridge, and it is now on their premises at Newmarket. And the present archway, marking the entrance to the Knightsbridge yard, is to go there, too, as another link with an older Tattersalls.

'The lease at "The Corner" ran out in 1865, and the firm moved on April 10 to Knightsbridge, near the Albert Gate. The place came to be called "The Albert Gate Premises". If there were memories then of "The Corner", there are memories now of Albert Gate. It became one of the sights of London; the last sale there was in 1939. Nineteenth-century pictures show the sale-yard thronged with people—packed with curly brim bowlers and toppers and boaters and frock coats and Norfolk jackets, and the picture hats and flouncy dresses of the ladies who had

come to watch in that tweedy atmosphere that horses carry with them.

'Tattersalls is full of stories, but I liked this one I saw in a pre-war magazine. A foreigner was ticked off by a dealer for buying a bad horse, so he asked him, "Then why didn't you warn me?" "Didn't I tell yer plain enough", said the dealer, "he ain't no picture on the bricks, 'e washes 'is 'ands when 'e comes towards yer, and when yer shows 'im the stick 'e speaks out of 'is turn". Horses and dealers, apparently, have a language of their own'.

'THE ONLY REAL DOG'

'In 1945 I was a member of a party of ten who spent two years south of the Antarctic Circle', said E. W. KEVIN WALTON in a talk in the Home Service. 'We took forty-five part-trained huskies from Labrador

and spent six months training them and ourselves before our leader, Surgeon-Commander Bingham, would let us travel and explore. We went south as ordinary Englishmen with the ordinary Englishman's attitude to dogs. We returned convinced that the only real dog is a husky and all others are third-rate cousins: for they represented one of the humanising elements that make expedition life so eminently worth while.

'I think it is true to say that the average husky is not blessed with much grey matter. He loves to pull, and to chase anything that he can see. In early days at our base in Marguerite Bay I used to anchor my sledge in front of the hut and then harness six or seven dogs on to the front, each on a separate lead. Meanwhile, some other member of the base party would have walked out across the sea ice as 'bait', and at the crucial

moment, with all dogs straining at the traces to follow him, I would cut the anchorage and off we would go like the proverbial arrow from a bow. After a few hundred yards the gallop would have dropped to a trot and the helter-skelter of departure would be forgotten. In my team I had seven dogs. My leader, Rover, was out in front on a long trace and the others ran in pairs behind him.

'Rover hated Bouncer, my king dog, who ran in the second pair, but he soon learnt that as long as he kept his trace tight Bouncer could never catch him, and Bouncer always pulled hard, buoyed up by the hope that one day Rover might forget, and then the fur would fly. With one dog out in front and all the rest prepared to follow, the team certainly had the urge to pull, but very little sense of direction. In early training, if I shouted the order to Rover to turn right, very little would happen, but the sound of the forty-foot whiplash in the snow at his left would wake him out of his trance and he would jink off to the right as ordered. A similar treatment would be used to turn him to the left. It did not always work out so smoothly, and there were many occasions when the dogs almost won and I had an hour or two's glorious battle, their wits against mine. On the whole, I think we learned more from the dogs than they did from us; if ever we lost our tempers we lost control of the team.

'After six months of daily exercising and hard and satisfying work I had built up a team which could be maintained on an exact compass course for miles on end with no one in front, could be zigzagged through



A scene at Tattersalls, in their original premises known as 'The Corner'

W. T. Spencer

a complex maze of crevasses, was able to stop at a word of command and, more important still, was able to jerk out a partly stuck sledge. The team, now adequately trained, had become a safety factor for our travels.

'I remember one incident which bears out the necessity of this careful training. Our surveyor, D. P. Mason, was in a crevasse-free area twelve miles from a depot of food which he badly needed to pick up. Visibility was under ten feet, but his leader Darkie had a superb sense of direction. Mason tied the rear of his sledge to the lead dog of the team behind. Made them do the same to the lead dog of the third sledge. He then drove Darkie, whom he could not even see, on a compass course for exactly twelve miles to the position of the depot. He pitched camp, and four days later when the weather lifted for a few hours he was barely 400 yards from his food supplies. The combination of Darkie's superb training and Mason's skill was, in fact, the safety factor for the party'.

TOO MANY TOMATOES

In a talk in 'Radio Newsreel' TOM SALMON, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about the tomato glut. 'This afternoon', he said, 'I went into a little shop at St. Helier in Jersey and bought a pound of tomatoes. They cost me twopence, but I wasted my money because a few minutes later I met a grower who offered to give me as many tomatoes as I could carry away.'

'Around the trim fruit farms on this little island tons of tomatoes are being dumped because the prices offered just do not pay for their packing and carriage to the English markets. For a week prices have been steadily dropping. In five days they went down from 36s. a cwt. to 10s. a cwt.—down to the lowest level they have reached since the war. And even at these prices, merchants have told me, they are difficult to sell.'

'The tomato industry in Jersey is a big one. Every year, something like 30,000 tons are grown and 95 per cent. of them are sent to Britain. This year looked like being a record year. There was little disease, the plants, stretching out in long, straight rows across neat fields, flourished in the warm sunshine of July, and thrived in the warmer sunshine of August, but whereas last year the tomato crop was threatened by bad weather, this year there has been too much good weather. With 300 hours of sunshine in August the outdoor crop—and five times as many tomatoes are grown outdoors here as are grown under glass—has ripened too quickly and flooded the market. But, of course, the fine weather has not been confined to Jersey, and the Jersey crop is going on to the market just when the tomatoes in English allotments and back gardens are reaching their peak'.

CONSTABLE COUNTRY

'One day in 1832 when John Constable was returning from the funeral of his friend John Dunthorn in East Bergholt', said JENNIFER WALKER in 'The Naturalist's Eye', 'there were two gentlemen travelling in the same carriage, and when they were crossing the vale of Dedham, Constable pointed out some feature of the landscape. They did not know who he was, but "Yes", they said, "this is Constable Country". And one cannot think of the Stour valley between Sudbury and the sea as anything else. There are many English valleys as beautiful, but not many can claim to have inspired such masterful paintings. The gently curving hills rise to little more than 100 feet above the river,

and they are covered with a patchwork of fields divided from each other by tall elm hedges or small spinneys and woods.'

'The Stour rises as a tiny stream at Wrattling, south-west of Cambridge, and down the valley it widens out into a sizable river, then to a broad estuary, before it enters the sea. Its banks are lined with grey-green willows and an occasional alder and bordered with a rich flora. It is specially interesting in mid-summer when the tall spikes of purple loosestrife and blue patches of forget-me-nots show their heads, and the reed grasses grow tall and produce that most lovely of murmuring sounds as the wind rustles through their leaves. For many miles the river is like this, a slow flowing, peaceful place, but it is not always quietly meandering. There are weirs at six different places where mill used to grind corn with water power: now there are only two working mills, at Bures and Dedham, and both of them are driven by diesel engines.'

'Beneath the water lives a variety of small animals. Waterboatmen dart to and fro jerkily among the weeds. And there are beetles and mites and young mayflies with their slender green bodies and rows of flickering gills on their sides. The commonest fish are red-bellied dace and roach in small shoals, and lurking in the shady depths there may be a pike waiting to catch its prey. Eels and the young form, elvers, are common too. The low-lying meadows along the river are rich pasture—

they carry large numbers of cattle and they are more luxuriant now than they have been for many years because they are no longer supporting a large population of rabbits.'

'Oaks, elms, and birches grow wild to remind one of the time when the whole of the Constable country was covered with forests. But elm and oak also are planted, and sweet chestnuts because they grow well on light soils. One of these sweet chestnut woods is used to provide timber for furniture, fencing posts, and palings. To encourage the most productive growth, the main trunk of young trees is cut. A number of side shoots develop and they are allowed to grow for perhaps fourteen years before they are cut, and one-fourteenth of the



Willy Lott's cottage at Flatford, Suffolk

Leslie Sansom

wood is felled each year. This has an interesting effect on the flora because once each fourteen years the ground is laid bare and exposed to continuous sunlight. The plants that appear in the first few years are biennials such as foxgloves and yellow mullein. Years ago it used to be a penance to gather the down on the yellow mullein leaves to make wicks for altar candles, and that gave the plant a local name "the candlewick plant". Long-lived perennials like brambles and honeysuckle, Yorkshire fog grass, and yellow archangel persist in the shaded parts, but they flower only after coppicing.

'In times past the river was one of the chief waterways into East Anglia, and barge traffic went right up to Sudbury. But now it is no longer navigable above Manningtree, and from there to the tide head at Flatford it is impassable at low tide. Then it has a charm of a different kind. The broad expanses of gleaming mud are margined with areas of green cord grass, and these are flanked by salt marshes which meet the lowland meadows. There is a lovely contrast of colour, between the blue-green and purplish hues of the salt marshes and the yellow-greens and browns of the cultivated fields. The same flowers still grow on the river banks that Constable painted: the inhabitants of the river have not changed much, and the same kinds of birds and insects live in the fields and woods, and though man has been in power for thousands of years the landscape retains its intimate charm, its wonderful skies, and its wild life'.

The House of Lords—II

Lords and Commons

By ENOCH POWELL, M.P.

CONFLICTS between the two Houses of Parliament are part of the stuff of English history. We all know how the Commons over the centuries won their exclusive right to deal with money, in conflict with the Lords. One remembers the famous cases over the jurisdiction of the Lords and the privileges of the Commons. These conflicts lead us to forget how abnormal the situation of collision was, and how normal was a state of co-operation between the three elements in the British Constitution: the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons. That really is not so natural a thing as one might be inclined to suppose, because all three were in theory absolutely independent, and yet the co-operation of all three was necessary to anything being achieved.

Reasonable Harmony

How was it that, century by century, the three elements in the Constitution managed to rub along together in reasonable harmony? The story of the increasing co-ordination between the Crown, on one side, and Parliament, on the other, is tolerably well known. Less so, I think, is the story of the means by which co-operation was secured as necessary between the Lords and the Commons. Obviously, one method in the last resort was the use of the power to create peers, but that was extremely exceptional, at any rate in its use for political purposes, and the normal methods of securing co-ordination were much less spectacular.

But, first, there are one or two facts about the background of those days which we have to force ourselves to bear in mind. Today we think of parliament in a critical function, as criticising, checking, and controlling the acts of the Executive. That is a comparatively recent idea; it was not the point of view either of the Lords or of the country squires who were summoned and came up to Westminster in the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and perhaps even in the nineteenth century. They thought of themselves rather as called upon to co-operate for the time being with the Crown, with aid and advice in the government of the country. So one must dismiss from one's mind this idea that the essential function of parliament has always been in the nature of a kind of opposition.

Then, too, nowadays we think of parliament as transacting government business. Ninety-five per cent., I suppose, of the business which goes through each House of Parliament today is government business, and the slightest alteration in it, the slightest check in its passage would be regarded as a fatal blow to the prestige of the Government. But that is a modern, a new situation, historically speaking. Most of the business which went through the House up to the middle of the last century was private business, in which the Crown, as such, was not interested one way or another. And so you could have disagreements between the two Houses; you could have a bill originating in the Commons thrown out in the Lords, and *vice versa*, without the government being much concerned about it, and indeed without any ill-feeling arising from that cause between the one House and the other.

Preferment of Bishops

We have to bear that background in mind when we come to consider in more detail the ways in which co-operation between Lords and Commons was secured. Let us look at the composition of the House of Lords. Today, if you go into the House of Lords in a sitting, you may notice one or two bishops perhaps, in their lawn sleeves, sitting there, but they are only a tiny minority in an assembly of theoretically between 800 and 900 persons. Until about 1800 they represented something like fifteen per cent. of the whole House. There was an episcopal bench of twenty-six bishops, plus, later, four Irish bishops, out of a House of not much more than 200. And so the influence of the Crown, the government, over the bishops' bench could be, and often was, a very important factor. Every bishop, after all, owes his appointment to the Crown. But more important than appointment was preferment. Until the last century there was a tremendous range in the value of bishoprics,

from poverty-stricken places like St. Asaph and St. David's at £400 a year, to princely stipends like those of Durham, of which the revenues were something like £9,000. It was much more important for a bishop, therefore, to secure preferment once he had entered the House of Lords than in the first place to be preferred to one of the poorer and smaller bishoprics.

This power of appointment and preferment did secure the compliance of the episcopal bench, during the eighteenth century and somewhat earlier, with the wishes of the government upon the whole. The Duke of Newcastle, who was so great a party manager in the middle of the eighteenth century, made a great many bishops in his time, and when the young George III took over the control of the Administration which the Duke of Newcastle had built up, the Duke was pained to find that so many of the bishops whom he had made proved more faithful to the Crown than to himself. We find him writing indignantly to a friend: "Can Christian bishops, made and promoted to the highest stations in the Church by me, see such repeated acts of cruelty, uncharitableness and revenge to one who has been their benefactor, and sit still without publicly declaring against and resenting such measures?" It is a delicious example of the way in which the Crown, or those who acted on its behalf, expected gratitude, by way of votes and voices, from those whom they had placed on the bishops' bench and preferred from one bishopric to another.

Canvassing by the Crown

But that was not by any means the only form of Crown influence on the membership of the House of Lords. The Crown itself was not above doing a bit of canvassing. In the old Parliament Chamber there was the fireplace, with his back to which Charles II used to be fond of standing to listen to the debates. And when matters came up that he was personally much concerned with, such as the proposals to exclude his brother James II from the succession, he did personally nobble members and canvass them for their votes. And in less direct ways Crown canvassing went on right through to the Reform Bill and after. The fall of the coalition between Fox and North was really brought about by a letter from George III to Earl Temple, which Earl Temple was instructed to show to such peers as he thought might be influenced by it, indicating that George III thought it was time for a change of ministry. And at the time of the Reform Bill itself, William IV indicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury that he would be glad if the Archbishop would convey to as many of his colleagues as possible the King's great anxiety that the Bill should pass.

So one had the direct personal influence of the Crown itself upon the members of the House of Lords. Then there was influence in the more technical sense: all the honours and rewards for peers and for all their supporters and relatives, which came ultimately from the Crown itself. There was, for the peer himself, the prospect of advancement from a lower to a higher grade, ending ultimately in the strawberry leaves of a dukedom. And so it went down the scale, to the smallest appointments in the government service for the most obscure hanger-on. And a peer's own influence in his neighbourhood and with his supporters depended in turn upon his power to secure for them a share of the loaves and fishes. So the whole thing was mutual and constituted a link in interest between the government, the court—that is, the Crown, they are more or less historical terms for the same thing—and the peerage. There were even more concrete links in terms of very hard cash. Let me give you an example.

In 1742 a Lord Saye and Sele succeeded to the title who was only the son of a country clergyman, and after attending the House of Lords for a while he began to stay away. But he indicated through an intermediary to the Duke of Newcastle that the reason for his staying away was the 'lack of suitable and even necessary means'. We have not the full correspondence, but a pension of £600 a year was soon put in payment, and continued in payment to the end of Lord Saye and Sele's life. From that time onwards he was a regular attendant in the House of Lords, and unswerving in his support of any government measure.

That is by no means a unique example of the concrete benefactions which helped to secure the necessary majority, on the necessary occasions, in the Upper House. Of course the Scottish peers were notorious: both at the election of the sixteen representative Scottish peers, and in securing their votes when elected, a good deal of money used to fly about. The Scottish peerage was very various in the importance and substance of its members, some of them so obscure that the party managers did not even deal with them individually. Payments of £250 a year, for example, used to be made to 'Lord Morton's peers', who were three peers for whom he, as it were, sub-contracted to produce their votes when necessary at the elections of Scottish peers.

But one must not get the impression from these details that it was all, or even mostly, sordid and mercenary. These are merely the crude evidences of a general correspondence of interest and influence established between the Crown on the one hand and the House of Lords on the other. There was a similar linkage between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, a personal link, and what I might call an electoral link. Far more eldest sons—not to say younger sons and relatives of peers—sat in the Lower House than do nowadays, though the number even today is not inconsiderable; and this in itself automatically constituted a certain personal contact and co-ordination between the operations of the two Houses.

Then, too, there was the electoral link in that so many seats, particularly borough seats in the old House of Commons, were controlled by, or were even the property of, peers of the realm. It was not an abuse which, as many people imagine, suddenly grew up in the eighteenth century only to be ended by the Reform Bill of 1832. As far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find the House of Commons having in front of it a motion to fine any borough which elected a member on the nomination of a peer. So it was part of the essence of the House of Commons from early times that many of the seats were virtually in the control of a peer, and thus the voting and the atmosphere and the sentiment in the House of Lords could never be divorced from that in the House of Commons.

It could work both ways. A peer could be influenced by considerations of his hold upon the boroughs which he controlled in the House of Commons; there is a delightful instance of that from the days of the disputes over Catholic emancipation. In 1822 Lord Bulkeley, who

controlled a number of boroughs in North Wales, excused himself for not voting, as his patron the Duke of Buckingham wanted him to do, in favour of Catholic emancipation, by explaining that if he did so his vote would be so unpopular that he might risk losing his influence in his own hereditary boroughs in North Wales. So the tail could thus wag the dog. One way and another, on a major issue where the credit and the authority of government was involved, the securing of the necessary co-ordination between the two Houses rarely if ever proved impossible.

On the eve of the Reform Bill itself, the Tory Party was faced with the issue of Catholic emancipation. The Duke of Wellington, influenced by Peel, suddenly in the summer of 1828 changed his mind upon the issue, and after resolutely opposing emancipation switched over and made it government policy that it should be brought about in 1829. What was the result in the House of Lords? The House of Lords traditionally had opposed emancipation by varying, but always by substantial, majorities. As recently as 1828, just before this change of mind on the Government's part, they had thrown out once more a motion for emancipation by something like a majority of fifty.

The Government changed its mind, the Duke of Wellington came down to the House with the King's Speech recommending emancipation, and emancipation passed the House of Lords by a majority of no less than 105. It shows how a body which in theory had no form of link or co-ordination either with the Commons or with the Crown had in reality been brought into a close working correspondence with both whenever the occasion demanded. It surprised some of the noble lords of that time themselves, for, after the division on Catholic emancipation in 1829, one peer wrote to another: 'I had formed no conception that the influence of government would have been so strong in our House'. It often happens that constitutional conventions and arrangements work best when they are least realised by those who are affected by them.

So, whatever the Reform Bill of 1832 changed, it was not a situation in which an isolated autocratic independent House of Lords could act in defiance either of the government or of the House of Commons. It was not a situation in which the House of Lords could override either of its other partners in the Constitution. That change, that crisis of 1832, was indeed of infinite importance, but it was not because it brought the House nearer into contact with the Commons or the Crown.

—Third Programme

Town Planning and Architecture: 1945-65

H. MYLES WRIGHT on 'The Half-Way Point', the first of seven talks

A HUNDRED years ago, concentration of buildings for all urban purposes was accepted by nearly everyone who lived in cities. Factories, warehouses, offices, and shops, and houses for the wealthy as well as the poor, were within a mile or two of the town hall. Trams, electric trains, motor vehicles, and the grid have changed all that. They have progressively enabled more and more people and firms to pick and choose: to choose concentration for one purpose, dispersal for another. This steadily, rapidly increasing mobility is the great town-planning problem of our age. We have to try to reach the right balance or best compromise between concentration and dispersal; and we have to try to do so while the advantages of dispersal are growing and the advantages of concentration—though still great—are being whittled away.

The crisis has arisen, as I see it, from a growth in the attractions of dispersal while we still lack the means to guide dispersal on a big enough scale: to stop it in one place and encourage it in another. The scale appropriate to times when half a million additional motor vehicles are coming on the roads each year is that of the region—let us say an area of land fifty miles square. Town and country planning authorities, however, operate locally, and are thickest on the ground just where problems are most tangled and where a single broad plan is most needed. For example, ten planning authorities (each with its own plan) operate within fifteen miles of the centre of Manchester. Local planning authorities have, on the whole, done an excellent job. Our new houses are better designed and, locally, better arranged than before, and at least three bad proposals for building on the use of land have been prevented for every one that has somehow been

allowed. But when the placing of the new buildings is judged regionally, local successes too often look like regional failures.

At the end of the war, after most careful examination of grievous inter-war failures in guiding land use and building development, both political parties gave their support to a twofold policy for guiding post-war reconstruction and new development. The policy was that of redevelopment and decentralisation. On the one hand the damaged and decayed portions of large cities were going to be rebuilt to modern standards of space, convenience, and lay-out. Secondly, those people who could not be rehoused in the rebuilt cities were to be encouraged and helped to move twenty or forty miles—to new towns or to existing smaller towns that would benefit by added population and new employments. This policy was to be carried out by action at all levels: local, regional, and national.

One may look at what has happened to the thirteen English cities which had a population of more than a quarter of a million in 1951: Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and the rest, down to Stoke-on-Trent. The quarter-million figures refer of course to those within the city boundary, and no normal person now thinks of a city in terms of its local-government boundary. One may claim that everyone who lives within fifteen miles of the centre of a big city is nowadays—in some or many ways—its citizen. If circles are drawn round the thirteen cities at fifteen miles radius, one finds the total population within the circles is not very much less than half the population of England outside Greater London.

If we had been determined to prevent further urban sprawl in 1945—determined that new building should be in the form either of

redevelopment or decentralisation—it would have been logical to ban further building on new land within the circles. In fact, more than 600,000 new dwellings, and a multitude of other new buildings, have been built on new land within the circles in the past ten years. There are plenty of reasons why the ban was not imposed—the desperate post-war housing shortage being one of them. But there the buildings are: 80,000 new houses round Birmingham, 40,000 on Merseyside; clogging the approaches to great cities and extending the conurbations in just the way we meant to avoid, and which massive legislation was intended to prevent.

Only a small portion of new building has been in city centres, or blighted districts, in new towns or smaller existing towns. But this small portion has a special interest if we are to do better—regionally—in the second decade than we have in the first; so I shall briefly sum up what has happened there.

Progress in the rebuilding of city centres will be the subject of the next talk; so I want to mention only two general points. The value of concentrating exchange of goods and services in city centres is, and always will be, very great. But in the coming motor-car age the buildings must surely be top-level—the very best offices, shops, cinemas, and *cafés*. One doubts whether directors, staff, clients, and customers will long continue to be attracted to city centres fenced off by decaying property and cluttered with second-line concerns that could more conveniently be placed somewhere else.

The ideal shopping and recreation centre should be accessible, free



Map showing thirteen English city-groups. The named towns are the thirteen local authorities of greatest population outside London; the circles round them are of sixteen miles radius and enclose other cities and local government districts. The populations within the circles range from 2,750,000 to 380,000. The shaded areas show districts proposed as National Parks, the darker areas being the major National Parks, of which six are already constituted

of traffic dangers for shoppers, and have an exciting mixture of attractions. Chester has, at present, some of these qualities; Coventry is constructing them. Large cities are not, and the new access roads, which are a conspicuous feature on the published development plans, have not yet been begun. If one had to give a single reason for this failure it would be that redevelopment committees of great cities have not appreciated the strength of the forces making for dispersal: that in the future people will have to be tempted to concentrate closely; they will not push to do so as they did in the past.

The general plan for the blighted districts, mostly the old residential areas, is to change them into pleasant places in which to live, partly by repair, largely by rebuilding. This is the intention, but one wonders at times how real it is. In Birmingham, Liverpool, on Tyneside, and elsewhere one can walk literally for miles through ruins and dilapidation, squalor and ugliness. Here and there new blocks of flats are going up. Liverpool has placed a quarter of all its post-war dwellings in central districts, Birmingham only about seven per cent., Nottingham about one per cent. Some of these new blocks of flats are very fine and many more will certainly be needed. Yet it is difficult to believe that the whole or even a large portion of the blighted districts will be rebuilt

in similar fashion unless suburban sprawl is stopped. The social revolution is still very much with us, and, all the world over, a higher standard of living brings with it the demand for more living space, for a house and garden rather than a flat. The suburban estate, municipal or private, is a constant and growing threat to the rebuilding of the blighted districts. In his recent study of great cities Professor Robson says: 'The effective planning of a [great city] is impossible unless a limit is placed on its maximum size'.

One of the ways of bringing about decentralisation was to be through the new towns. I believe that the new towns are proving a success socially as well as on the strictest financial reckoning. As one would expect, there are signs that the health and output of employees in their factories are better than in older industrial districts. These things will not be missed by go-ahead directors of manufacturing firms and offices that have large sections engaged on routine work. The only thing that will prevent new towns making a big contribution to long-distance decentralisation from now on is that there are too few of them. At present they house, at most, 30,000 people from London, while new houses for 300,000 have been built in the outer suburbs. The Town Development Act of 1952 offered an escape from this difficulty by enabling a big city to help in the expansion of a small town that was willing to receive the big city's 'overspill' population. It seemed indeed a very happy British solution—to achieve regional decentralisation by local option and initiative; and several of the biggest and most enterprising local authorities prepared to make full use of the Act.

Little has, in fact, resulted from this Act from which so much was hoped. The difficulties were obvious. The small towns feared that the newcomers might demand



Pre-war sprawl on the outskirts of London: local authority houses in the foreground and private enterprise semi-detached beyond

Aerofilms

more from local funds than they would contribute; the inhabitants of some feared being swamped by reputed slum-dwellers, and perhaps some small-town technical officers feared being swamped by the huge technical organisations of the exporting cities. Yet many negotiations are going on, the financial prospects are better, and a strong case can be made that a smaller town could offer most people most of what they want more cheaply and easily than could a large city. There are, in my view, grounds for the belief that much more could have been made of the Act if the Minister of Housing and Local Government had decided that this ought to be done. Instead, the Minister apparently thought it right to proceed slowly. Fifteen months ago his Parliamentary Secretary announced almost with satisfaction that for three or four years only about five per cent. of new dwellings would be so placed as to assist long-distance decentralisation. This could be translated to mean that sprawl and anti-sprawl were to go on together; with the badly placed handsomely outnumbering the well placed.

One may summarise the results of the first ten years by saying that local guidance of land use and development, taking each area by itself, has been well done. For the past five years, at least, successive Ministers of both parties have tended to regard town planning and the guidance of land use as wholly a matter for the local planning authority. But meanwhile eight or ten problems that are at once local, regional, and national have been left without attention for far too long, and cannot be left alone much longer. This is the crisis. Slum clearance and the future of the blighted districts; overspill and small town development; the review of housing subsidies and the Rent Restriction Acts; the location of industry and the recasting of local government boundaries: all these are bound up with each other, with the still real though diminished advantages of concentration that gave us the great Victorian cities, and with the steadily increasing attractions of dispersal and aids to dispersal—the half-million new motor vehicles each year, the grid, the long awaited motorways, and the coming atomic-power stations.

If we are to do better in the second ten years than in the first, we have to come to grips with the two biggest problems without delay. The first is that of housing subsidies, standards, rents, and costs. At present a new flat near a city centre costs about twice as much as a house and garden on the outskirts. At the same time, restricted rents do not allow old houses to be kept in good repair; thus, on the basis of current building costs, it seems that two out of every three householders in the country are now being subsidised. These things bear closely on the future form of cities, which must in the end express a reasonable relationship between building costs and rents, as well as planners' dreams.

Preventing Further Sprawl

The second problem is to find a way to prevent the further sprawl of great cities and conurbations that would be simple, stir public imagination, and leave the maximum freedom and initiative to individuals and local authorities. More than fifty years ago Ebenezer Howard suggested the idea of a mother city surrounded at some distance by satellite cities, with nothing but undisturbed countryside in between. The idea keeps reappearing in planning thought. It appeared in the Greater London Plan as the Green Belt and New Towns, and in the last six months green belts of various models have come back into the news. Mr. Duncan Sandys, in his circular last month, sees them as of modest width—bumpers that will at least prevent nearby cities grinding at their edges. Others—Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. B. J. Collins, the planning officer of Middlesex—see them more on the Howard scale. It is this bigger idea of a regional green zone that may offer the grand solution, if we have the courage to adopt it.

The suggestion as it would apply to Merseyside and Manchester is something as follows. A green zone would be established not just round each individual town but covering the whole of the conurbation—from Preston to Nantwich and from the Dee to Saddleworth Moor. All towns and villages within the zone would be placed in one of two groups: the stabilised towns which should not expand and the expansion towns which would; and suitable boundaries would be drawn round them all. No building development at all would be allowed elsewhere within the zone, and this would apply to government departments as well as to everyone else. If we had the courage to do this—leaving all else unchanged—much that is now confused, undecided, and crumbling would fall into place and become firm.

Values that have been dribbling over the boundaries of great cities would stop dribbling. They would have to stay or go right out. Every person or firm in the region, or thinking of coming to it, would be faced with a choice between one set of advantages in the big city, another set

right out. There would be no half-and-half decisions that increase sprawl and increase central blight simultaneously. A man who had a job in Liverpool would be able to live in an expansion town—say Ormskirk—or in an established outlying suburb, or right in the city. In the first case, he would probably be ready to change his job to one in Ormskirk when this offered; if he chooses the suburb he would encourage fuller use of land in established suburbs; if the city itself he would fortify city revenues and help to rescue property now sliding from the seedy towards the slum. In all three cases he would be helping to do what needs doing. I suggest that this would be far the simplest way to reach the best balance between concentration and dispersal. It would establish a regional pattern that was, broadly, right; and leave individuals, firms, and local authorities a wide choice of sites for their new buildings—and all the initiative. It would force action of kinds that most people, including many members of city councils, know to be necessary, but which will always be put off while land and excuses can be found for just one more sprawl.

It seems to me that the big city that has the best chance of prosperity in the motor age is one of the kind visualised by Ebenezer Howard: one surrounded by prosperous satellites twenty or thirty miles away beyond a permanent green belt, but one whose business centre and big shops were easily accessible by broad roads and big car parks. The whole would form a city-region in which one could choose big-town life or small-town life, but where in either case one could boast of the Green Zone. It would indeed be something to boast about.

—Third Programme

Reformers, impatient of the caution or incompetence of Ministers, turn hopefully from them to their civil servants; and when these too fail to respond, it is curiously they, not the Ministers, who are blamed. The trouble lies in weak ministers. They, not civil servants, are responsible for policy making; but it is hard to count as many as fifteen Ministers in the whole of the last hundred years who have openly resigned before the House of Commons because of avowed mismanagement of their departments. And, in many departments, the turnover of Ministers is enormous: since 1923 there have been twenty Ministers of Transport. Nevertheless, the old idea that civil servants are to blame and that this is because they are 'unrepresentative of the British masses' dies hard—if indeed it has died at all. Mr. R. K. Kelsall's *Higher Civil Service in Britain* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.) is the only statistical study in the course of a whole century to try to find out how 'unrepresentative' they really are, and what recruitment procedure has to do with this. An experienced statistician, the author has spent an infinity of time and patience on intractable and elusive material. The result is a set of tables and statistical co-relations which will bear no denial.

Some of the old criticisms of recruitment procedures now receive a firm statistical justification—e.g., the charge that the interview component of the competitive examination used to favour candidates from public and boarding schools and to disadvantage those from local authority schools. Mr. Kelsall also shows how constant was the social composition of the higher civil service until quite recently: between 1901 and 1944 the percentage of entrants from the Clarendon Schools was over 25 per cent.; between 1920 and 1939 it had sunk to 20 per cent., but in 1949-52 it has been only 8½ per cent. Again, whereas only 9 per cent. of those entering by open competition in 1909-39 were children of manual workers, in the 1949-52 intake they were 19 per cent. Similarly, there has in recent years been a marked proportionate increase in the number of candidates coming from redbrick universities as compared with those from the older universities and from London. But this democratisation is not due to changes in selection procedure but to the fact that for the first time much larger numbers of candidates are coming forward from grammar schools and redbrick universities compared with those coming forward from public schools and the older universities. Mr. Kelsall has only reached his results by most painstaking and laborious assemblage of materials (in which, admittedly, the Civil Service Commission have been most co-operative). But why did the Commissioners themselves never test statistically the effects of changes in their selection procedure? One hopes that now this work has been done for them the Commission will itself begin to collect the statistics to keep it up-to-date.

Mr. G. A. Campbell's *Civil Service in Britain* (Penguin, 3s. 6d.) is disappointing. It contains a great deal of information, but some misinformation as well. It makes some curious—indeed vital—omissions (for example, it is absurd to devote a chapter to delegated legislation without mentioning the Statutory Instruments Act, or Prayers to Annul). The arrangement is confused and miscellaneous. Thus, a chapter called 'Secretaries of State' (who number seven) ranges over a whole variety of Home Ministries and Commissions, including the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and even the British Transport Commission. Mr. Campbell's comments are uniformly unperceptive; and some are so jejune as to be virtually pointless. One or two of the chapters can be commended, notably those dealing with departmental finance.

Oxford and Cambridge: a Comparison

By NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

THE *Twentieth Century*, under its new editor John Weightman, has become one of the most distinguished of contemporary periodicals and has recently inaugurated a short series of special numbers, reflecting trends of English thought, with two issues, one from Cambridge, the other from Oxford. I read them with particular interest since I am a graduate of both places, but they have a wider appeal to all those, whether graduates or not, who are interested in the intellectual life of the ancient universities.

Anguished Protest

The Cambridge number has a unity and a defined point of view that will not be found in the Oxford equivalent. It is an anguished protest of the old liberal agnostic Cambridge, the Cambridge of Sidgwick and Leslie Stephen, against what is conceived of as an imminent engulfment by a new Christian and puritan orthodoxy. For Anglican and Roman Catholics there has been no change. The steady flow of public school Christians, the trickle of conversions to the Church of Rome, continue as before, and apart from a slightly higher percentage of Roman Catholics now attending the ancient universities, the situation has not altered. Undoubtedly there has been a revived interest in religion, but this is a general, not a university, phenomenon, and is an interest definitely circumscribed. 'The current revival', says M. J. Hodgart, 'is surely only a revival of certain components of religion, such as a taste for ritual, an interest in symbolic and non-rational communication, and a deference to the supernatural'. This is more a flirtation than a revival, and I have seen no sign of the willingness to accept the intellectual and moral discipline necessarily imposed by a doctrinal faith, the only development which the liberal humanists need fear.

Nevertheless, the Cambridge agnostics have taken fright and their anxiety is well expressed in Mr. E. M. Forster's opening contribution to the Cambridge number, described as a letter, but which reads more like a manifesto. He stalwartly denounces all spiritual authority as destructive of both humanism and intellectual progress. 'I like or anyhow tolerate most religions', says Mr. Forster, 'so long as they are weak, but I dread them all without exception as soon as they become powerful'. One could regard this as a frivolous remark, expressing approval of religion as long as nobody believes in it, but I do not think it was meant frivolously, and in any case it expressed the anxiety most keenly felt by the post-war generation. Where members of this generation differ from Mr. Forster is that they would like to accept religion if they could, while one feels that Mr. Forster, like Emile Zola, would rather lack faith than possess it. The longing for and distrust of religion has resulted in a temporary paralysis, and the post-war generation is caught between a desire for certainty and fellowship and a horror of following the example of the engaged intellectuals of the pre-war years. The spectacle of Europe being communised is today an unattractive one, but then so is its conversion into an extension of southern Ireland.

A Walled Garden and a Museum Piece

Despite the lack of action and of actual conversion, the longing for religion is there, and it is this point about the younger generation which Mr. Forster does not understand although he claims never to detect any essential difference between himself and younger people. One suspects that when Mr. Forster talks of younger people he is referring to those who graduated in the 'thirties. For the post-war generation both the Bloomsbury group and the Spanish civil war, the two pre-war poles of the intellectual world, are utterly remote. Bloomsbury looks like an idyllic but irrelevant retreat into a walled garden, while the Spanish civil war at best seems a museum piece and at worst a betrayal.

Mr. Forster's views are developed by the other contributors, and especially by Mr. Noel Annan in an article appropriately entitled 'People'. Mr. Annan's principal objection to Christianity is that it takes

insufficient account of the complexities of human nature, that it attempts vainly to force all human beings into a set pattern, to pursue a single unattainable ideal, and that in doing so it makes them judges and therefore prigs by committing them to over-simplified moral judgements. Christianity certainly has this effect on some people; it places a *sagesse* at their disposal and they make ruthless use of it; but such intolerance has little in common with the teaching of Christ, whose instructions about judging other people were explicit. On this point one sympathises with Mr. Annan, and can only regret that he is too much of a Victorian to accept the Jesuit solution of casuistry, the distinction between moral principles of general validity and their application to particular cases.

Where, however, one can feel no sympathy with any of the Cambridge contributors is in the bland assumption, made by all save Mr. Graham Hough, that humanism is the exclusive property of liberal agnosticism. This monopolising of all the human virtues is as repellent in its way as the exclusive claim to all the moral virtues made by some Christians. The Christian can and should care as much for personal relationships as any agnostic, the more so as he sees them in a wider context. Far from rejecting human love, the Christian is called upon to supplement it with a supernatural charity. The liberal Christian can appreciate as much as Mr. Annan the diversity and the richness which is the European tradition, and not being a fanatic would not have it altered. Both Mr. Annan and Mr. Forster have a profound fear of institutions but they appear to forget that the Bloomsbury group drew its lifeblood from a noble institution, King's.

Hunger for Unity

However, it is given to few to be members of King's, and to even fewer to sit permanently at its High Table, and for most people the only institution which can give them social significance and human fellowship without a sacrifice of individuality is a church. The hunger for unity, the desire to participate, drove many of the pre-war intellectuals to deny the uniqueness of human personality and to fly from it in favour of an abstract system of association. Annually it drives the millions of the working class, having lost their only possible institutional framework, to seek a substitute in holiday camps. For the post-war generation communism has no appeal and the Bloomsbury way is unsatisfying because it is beyond the attainment of all save a few, and pre-supposes a framework which no longer exists. It is not convincing to claim, as one undergraduate contributor does, that agnostic humanism did not fail but that people failed to adopt it, for that is precisely the measure of its failure. It is banal of the other to proclaim his faith in Beethoven and Bach in a world which has produced Belsen and Buchenwald. Hitler, after all, believed in Wagner. The spectre of evil raised by two world wars, by Hiroshima, and the hydrogen bomb will not for long be laid, and unless they are to become hopelessly out of touch with the new generation the Cambridge humanists must appreciate this.

What is happening is not a revival of convention such as that connived at by the upper classes at the end of the eighteenth century as an insurance against the French Revolution, but a profound interior and therefore moral reassessment of attitudes to life. What is needed today from humanists is not the acrid bickering touched off by C. S. Lewis' inaugural lecture, 'The Great Divide', but an attempt to reconcile Christian and agnostic humanism. Respect for the individual, the acknowledgement of human rights, reverence for life surely provide a sufficient basis for practical agreement whatever the difference in the theoretical premisses involved.

Unlike the Cambridge number, that from Oxford at first sight appears to possess no unity of any kind. On a first reading one wondered irreverently whether any of the contributors had ever met before, and certainly Lord David Cecil and Rachel Trickett, who discuss whether there is an Oxford school of writing, might as well have remained in their respective colleges. They bombinate in the void, neither, as far as one can see from the dialogue, paying the slightest attention

to what the other is saying. As for the evangelical revival, there is no acknowledgment of its existence until almost the final page, and then only incidentally in a blistering and un-Christian attack on Cambridge atheistic humanism and those Christians who would sup with the devil and make a spiritual treaty of Gastein, papering over the cracks between themselves and the enemy. It is signed 'Oxford Christian'.

One should not be surprised that Oxford takes the evangelical revival less seriously than Cambridge, for Oxford has always been conservative and Catholic in its deepest roots, in contrast to the progressive Protestantism of Cambridge, of which liberal agnosticism has been the logical outgrowth. When scientific rationalism raised its ugly head in the nineteenth century, Oxford replied with a Catholic revival. The Oxford Movement could never have taken place at Cambridge. As for humanism, the typical Oxford humanist remains Matthew Arnold, and what a contrast he is, with his nostalgia for faith and his longing for the ancient ways, to Mr. Forster who detests both. The unity of the Oxford number is a more subtle one than the howl of reproof arising from behind the barricades at King's and emerges as a civilised and detached searching for values. The opening essay, by the Reverend Austin Farrer, is, of all things, on theology. He refers to her as 'Queen of the Sciences', and although he admits she is no absolute monarch he presents her as a constitutional sovereign, a claim which could never be advanced in republican Cambridge. The by-passing of theology—for it was never a direct overthrow—by the nineteenth-century intellectuals has made it impossible, as Newman foresaw, to achieve any synthesis of knowledge, for the hand-maid sciences now exercise vice-regal powers.

The problems raised by this bloodless revolution are recognised in two of the articles, even if its cause is not, and the present system of peaceful coexistence between arts and science is felt inadequate. I doubt very much whether Mr. Asa Briggs would welcome a theological revival but even he, in his spirited defence of Modern Greats—Lord Lindsay's heroic effort to provide a curriculum of reconciliation—admits mournfully that it is in danger of creating new specialisms, and that today philosophy and economics are in some ways further apart than they were in the nineteenth century.

But the most significant exemplar of the search for a new system of values is the counter-revolution that has taken place in Oxford philosophy. It is not yet twenty years since Professor Ayer, a modern Moses, led the faithful into the promised land, brandishing his iconoclastic book *Language, Truth and Logic*, and banishing metaphysics for ever from respectable philosophic circles. Yet readers of the *Twentieth*

Century are presented with the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Anthony Quinton, a redoubtable apologist for the linguistic philosophy, admitting that metaphysics is really philosophy after all, and that the real villain of the piece has all along been *weltanschauung*. His three fellow philosophers—Isaiah Berlin, Stuart Hampshire, and Iris Murdoch—go even further and claim that the philosopher can and should draw moral, political, and religious conclusions from his views about reality and the universe. There may be no immediate possibility of a Bourbon restoration of theology, but it seems clear that philosophy which abdicated, betrayed from within, is now prepared to assume her old directive role once more.

The note of civilised anxiety about present arrangements is struck by James Joll in his reflections on the position of the modern intellectual and his tame acceptance of contemporary society. There is not at the moment any background against which to revolt, although I suspect that this situation is only temporary, and that despite the reassurance radiated by the Third Programme and the Arts Council there are signs that we are moving into a new Edwardian age of even greater vulgarity, of which the 'teddy boys' are unconscious if not innocent precursors, and which will require a new race of Matthew Arnolds to combat. But pending the arrival of this nightmare, Mr. Joll's solution is another restoration of values, the return to a sense of vocation.

Again, one finds anxiety about the *status quo* and a return to ancient standards in a thoughtful article written by an undergraduate, Anthony Bailey, who criticises the canonised tutorial system which is fast becoming a lifeless fossil. Will some Oxford colleges, he pleads, pay attention to other qualities than a capacity for research when making tutorial appointments? This is a prescient plea in an age of specialists and married dons, and one that must be heeded if a university in the Newman sense, a place for the sharing and diffusion of knowledge, is to survive.

Can one draw any general conclusion about life at the ancient universities from these two stimulating numbers? They show—I hardly dare to say it—that the universities are in a state of transition, but they do more than this: they show, for once, the direction in which the movement is taking place. The disinterested pursuit of knowledge, the toleration of diverse opinions, the high valuation rightly set on love and friendship and good conversation will remain but they will be supplemented by a new scheme of moral values and conclusions which will remain with and be developed by undergraduates when the sheltering walls of the university cities are finally left behind.—*Third Programme*

Edwardian Authors—V

Portrait of John Galsworthy

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

JOHAN GALSWORTHY was an unusual figure in the world of imaginative literature: a buttoned-up man who seemed always to be keeping a tight hold of himself as if he were afraid he might say something he ought not to say. He was a handsome man, well groomed, but without any oddity in his dress. A tailor would have said that his clothes were in quiet good taste, and he never looked out of place in the company of conventional people. Despite his good looks, he was not even noticeable in a group. He was shy and reticent and, I should say, very nervous. He hated to speak in public, and always declared that he had no gift for oratory. That was why he generally prepared any speech he had to make with great care, and why he read it. Yet I once heard him make an uncommonly good speech when he was suddenly called upon to speak. He rose to his feet like a man going to the scaffold, but there was a great burst of applause when he sat down again, a genuine, undeliberate tribute to what was easily the best speech I ever heard him make.

He was born on velvet. His father was a wealthy man, and all his relatives were rich. The Galsworthys were solid, substantial people who expected to do well in the world, and, as a rule, did. They did not mix themselves up with artists and writing people and riff-raff of that sort. They had their feet firmly fixed on the ground, and they knew just what money was and where it could best be made. They are

all in *The Forsyte Saga*, and their historian seems to have been a little ashamed of them. The extraordinary fact is that Soames Forsyte, whom Galsworthy seemed to dislike intensely, gradually grew into the esteem and even affection of readers of the Saga. When I remarked on this to Galsworthy, he was distressed by it. The Saga was not fiction to him: it was fact; and he hated Forsytery.

But what he never learnt was that he himself was a Forsyte to the backbone. It was impossible for him to believe that a man could be poor and happy. He knew that many people were unhappy despite their possession of ample fortunes, and he seemed almost instinctively to think that since this was so, there could not be any happiness for people who had none of this adjunct to comfortable living: a large sum of money. He was thought in Germany to have given a vivid picture of the English people in the Saga, but the Germans in this, as in many other and more important matters, were mistaken. Galsworthy did not depict the English people. He depicted only, but very truly, a small section of them: the class which rose to power in the industrial revolution and has been in power so long that it is now an aristocracy of an entirely different sort from the landed gentry who are too commonly supposed to be the only aristocracy any country can possess. There is the aristocracy of mind; the aristocracy of industry and trade; the aristocracy of land, now rapidly dwindling; and an aristocracy that is

seldom considered, the aristocracy of the working class, now rapidly rising up to power that may prove to be as dangerous as that of the landowners up to the end of the eighteenth century.

The Forsyte aristocracy was a small group, and it is becoming smaller: its relations were in two classes, the landed class and the working class; but it belonged to neither. It had enjoyed wealth and education long enough for it to have a considerable culture, rather more than the landed gentry, but a culture which was conventional and almost commonplace—commonplace, that is to say, in the sense that it approved only of accepted reputations and was suspicious and distrustful of innovation and new forms of expression. The generality of successful business men seldom have any culture, and are as different from the Forsytes as they are from the landed proprietors. They are pushing people, good-natured enough when all is going well, but vulpine and unscrupulous when it is not. They are good at their job, but are impossible as companions because they have no values that are important, and always measure a man by the amount of money he possesses. Their conversation is deplorable. They are almost totally ignorant of the arts, and their chief reading, when, that is to say, they read at all, is the detective story or the Wild Western. They have the minds of overgrown and aggressive schoolboys whose greatest need is a licking.

Galsworthy, then, belonged to a small but influential class of well-placed, well-bred, and well-off people who were ceasing to be influential because they were becoming more and more a class living on unearned incomes. There are enough of them, especially among bankers and shipowners, to be remarkable even in modern society, but they probably have less weight than the country gentlemen and the learned professions, though they are intelligent enough to be able to recover their position if they seriously set about it. Galsworthy himself was typical of the younger members of this class as they were fifty years ago. Educated at Harrow, one of the few notable writers of the Edwardian age who went to a public school, he took it for granted that he could lead the life of an idle young man of large means and need not bother his head about earning his living. He went from Harrow to Oxford and then was called to the Bar without, however, having the slightest intention of practising law. He must have been the last of the young men of fortune who made the Grand Tour. Very solemnly, he circumnavigated the globe: and it was during one of his long trips abroad that he met Joseph Conrad, who was first mate of a ship on which he was a passenger. Precisely what the effect of this encounter was on Galsworthy is not easy to say, but its effect on Conrad was considerable. It took him off the sea and made a novelist of him, and brought benefit to English literature which it would otherwise have missed.

There was, and still is, a legend that Galsworthy was a cold man. This is untrue. He was a passionate man, but also, and much more than that, he was a compassionate man. Suffering hurt him so much that he did not stop to enquire about it. Because it was suffering, it must instantly be stopped. If you will read a play called *'The Pigeon'*, you will find in it a dramatisation of Galsworthy himself in this respect: in the character of Christopher Welwyn, a part which was performed at the first production by an Ulster actor, Whitford Kane, a Larne man who is now a very successful actor in the United States. Welwyn is the pigeon, always being plucked by the undeserving poor. So was Galsworthy, who seldom stopped to think of what he was doing when he heard of other people's troubles. I have often told a story about him which illustrates this characteristic.

One morning, H. G. Wells entered the Hampstead tube and found himself on Galsworthy's heels. 'What are you doing out so early?' H.G. demanded. Galsworthy, a little self-consciously, replied: 'I'm doing a very strange thing, Wells. I'm visiting all the slaughterhouses

in London!' It then transpired that he had been asked to write a series of articles on the humane slaughter of cattle for a London daily newspaper. 'Do you know, Wells, that every animal which is slaughtered suffers a minute's pain more than it need? Multiply that minute by all the animals that are slain and you get an eternity of pain'. H. G. Wells shook his head. 'No, my dear Galsworthy, you don't. All that happens is that each animal suffers a minute of unnecessary pain!' In that dialogue, the nature of the two men is clearly revealed. Galsworthy was always multiplying minutes of pain and making an eternity of them.

He was not cold: he was unwarrantably warm. But his shyness and his diffidence and his buttoned-up look and his intense fear of revealing his emotions made him seem to be cold.

His decision to write was the result, apparently, of a chance remark made to him by the lady who subsequently became his wife. She was seeing him off on one of his excursions, and she casually remarked, 'Why don't you write?' as if writing were something that anybody could do in his off moments. It was this casual question which started Galsworthy on the road to wide renown as a novelist and a dramatist. He was one of the few people, Somerset Maugham being another, who have been highly successful both as novelists and dramatists. Once started, he wrote quickly and prolifically. There was no period of privation or discouragement for him. He seemed almost at once, not quite, but almost, to win wide success; and his novels, though not his plays, continue to be read extensively.

He was a proud, solitary man, well aware that his dis-ease in company had created a legend of coldness that he, better than anybody else, knew to be false. Years ago, a master at Harrow told me that Galsworthy usually went down to Harrow to watch the boys playing cricket. He would go into the cricket field and sit down for the entire afternoon, speaking to nobody, and then, when the game was ended, depart. 'We knew who he was', the master said to me, 'but we didn't intrude on him'. I find this story moving, and I wish that somebody had intruded on him. I think he would have been pleased if someone had.

The last time I saw him, he looked a very sick man. We were both dining in the same restaurant, and we had a little conversation. It was obvious that he was a dying man, although he was still able to go about. His handsome face was haggard and drawn and I felt certain he knew that his time was short. But he was still the com-

passionate and gentle-minded man I had always known him to be, and he displayed the stoical quality that he admired in the Forsytes, which he himself tried, but failed except superficially, to display. His compassion prevented him from feeling indifferent to other people's pain, but his Forsytean stoicism compelled him to conceal any pity he may have felt for himself. He maintained a stiff upper lip. It was, I think, the last stiff upper lip left in England.—*Northern Ireland Home Service*

Two books have recently appeared under the same title: *Writing for Television*. One is by Sir Basil Bartlett (Allen and Unwin, 9s. 6d.), who addresses himself to the professional writer and says what, in his view (he was formerly Drama Script Supervisor in the B.B.C.'s Television Service), the B.B.C. wants from the author in the way of television scripts, in what form it wants them, how much it is prepared to pay, how programmes are produced, and so on. The other book is by Mr. Arthur Swinson (Black, 16s.) who discusses the nature, limitations, and potentialities of television from the point of view of the writer. He emphasises that his object is not to teach how television programmes can be written but to acquaint the reader with the equipment required.

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Among other books recently received are: *My Boy Chang*, by Hope Danby (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) and *Denmark: the Land of Hans Andersen*, by Stephen Clissold (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).



John Galsworthy: a photograph taken in the garden of Grove Lodge, Hampstead

A Memory of Indo-China

By GRAHAM GREENE

IT was December 1952. For hours I had played at iron bowls in the airport at Haiphong, waiting for a mission. The weather was overcast and the 'planes stood about and nobody had anything to do. At last I went into town and drank brandy and soda in the mess of the Gascogne Squadron. Officially, I suppose, I was at the front, but it was hardly enough: if one is writing about war, self-respect demands that occasionally one shares a very small portion of the risk.

That was not so easy since orders had come down from the Etat Major in Hanoi that I was to be allowed only on a horizontal raid. In this Indo-China war horizontal raids were as safe as a journey by bus. One flew above the range of the enemy's heavy machine-guns; one was safe from anything but a pilot's error or a fault in the engine. One went out by timetable and came home by timetable: the cargoes of bombs sailed diagonally down and a spatter of smoke blew up from the road junction or the bridge and then one cruised back for the hour of the *apéritif* and drove the iron bowls across the gravel.

Vertical Raid

But that afternoon, as I drank brandy-and-soda in the mess, orders for a mission came in. 'Like to come?' I said yes. Even a horizontal raid would be a way of killing time. Driving out to the airport the officer remarked: 'This is a vertical raid'. I said, 'I thought you were forbidden . . .'. 'So long as you write nothing about it', he said. 'It will show you a piece of country near the Chinese border you will not have seen before. Near Lai Chau'.

'But I thought all was quiet there and in French hands?'

'It was. They captured this place two days ago. Our parachutists are only a few hours away. We want to keep the Viets head down in their holes until we have recaptured the post. It means low diving, and machine-gunning. We can only spare two 'planes—one's on the job now. Ever dive-bombed before?'

'No'.

'It is a little uncomfortable when you are not used to it'.

The Gascogne Squadron possessed only small B.26 bombers, prostitutes the French call them, because with their small wing-span they have no visible means of support. I was crammed on to a little metal pad the size of a bicycle seat with my knees against the navigator's back. We came up the Red River, slowly climbing, and the Red River at this hour was actually red. It was as though one had gone far back in time, and saw it with the old geographer's eyes who had named it first, at just such an hour, when the late sun filled it from bank to bank. Then we turned away at 9,000 feet towards the Black River, and it was really black, full of shadows, missing the angle of the light: and the huge, majestic scenery of gorge and cliff and jungle wheeled round and stood upright below us. You could have dropped a squadron into those fields of green and grey and left no more trace than a few coins in a harvest field. Far ahead of us a small 'plane moved like a midge. We were taking over.

We circled twice above the tower and the green-encircled village, then corkscrewed up into the dazzling air. The pilot turned to me and winked: on his wheel were the studs that controlled the gun and the bomb chamber: I had that loosening of the bowels as we came into position for the dive that accompanies any new experience—the first dance, the first dinner-party, the first love. I was reminded of the Great Racer in the Festival Gardens when it comes to the top of the rise—there is no way to get out: you are trapped with your experience. On the dial I had just time to read 3,000 metres when we drove down.

Now all was feeling, nothing was sight. I was forced up against the navigator's back: it was as though something of enormous weight were pressing on my chest. I was not aware of the moment when the bombs were released; then the gun chattered and the cockpit was full of the smell of cordite, and the weight was off my chest as we rose. And it was the stomach that fell away, spiralling down like a suicide to the ground we had left. For forty seconds no worries had existed: even loneliness hadn't existed. As we climbed in a great arc I could see the smoke through the side window pointing at me. Before the second dive I felt

fear—fear of humiliation, fear of vomiting over the navigator's back, fear that middle-aged lungs would not stand the pressure. After the tenth dive I was aware only of irritation—the affair had gone on too long, it was time to go home. And again we shot steeply up out of the machine-gun range and swerved away and the smoke pointed. The village was surrounded on all sides but one by mountains. Every time we had to make the same approach, through the same gap. There was no way to vary our attack. As we dived for the fourteenth time I thought, now that I was free from the fear of physical humiliation, 'they have only to fix one machine-gun in position'. We lifted our noses again into the safe air—perhaps they didn't even have a gun. The forty minutes of the patrol had seemed interminable, but it had been free from the discomfort of personal thought. The sun was sinking as we turned for home: the geographer's moment had passed: the Black River was no longer black, and the Red River was only gold.

Down we went again, away from the gnarled and fissured forest towards the river, flattening out over the neglected rice fields, aimed like a bullet at one small sampan on the yellow stream. The gun gave a single burst of tracer, and the sampan blew apart in a shower of sparks; we didn't even wait to see our victims struggling to survive, but climbed and made for home. I thought again, as I had thought when I saw a dead child in a ditch at Phat-Diem, 'I hate war'. There had been something so shocking in our fortuitous choice of a prey—we had just happened to be passing, one burst only was required, there was no one to return our fire, we were gone again, adding our little quota to the world's dead.

I put on my earphones for the pilot to speak to me. He said 'We will make a little detour. The sunset is wonderful on the Calcaire. You must not miss it', he added kindly, like a host who is showing the beauty of his estate; and for a hundred miles we trailed the sunset over the Baie d'Along. The helmeted Martian face looked wistfully down on the golden groves, among the huge humps and arches of porous stone, and the wound of murder ceased to bleed.—*Third Programme*

Nursery Wars

The boy with his fort
And his bright lead soldiers
Needn't give a thought
To his wholesale slaughters.

He goes into battle,
Pursues his nursery wars,
Untroubled by morale,
Untrammelled with a cause.

And when his men drop dead
They're only lying down;
They get up if needed
And join the fight again.

Not all is fantasy.
He switches armies round.
Today's alliance may
Conveniently end

And former enemies
Tomorrow may discover
Expediency decrees
That they love one another.

The boy in doing this
Is older than his years;
Wiser than he knows
Are his nursery wars.

PETER APPLETON

Conditioned Air

By MAGNUS PYKE

NOWADAYS, in this age of science, we expect the food we eat, for example, to be processed. Indeed, without modern developments in artificial fertilisers to increase crop yields, without the discoveries of plant genetics to create varieties of wheat capable of growing in northern latitudes of Canada where no wheat ever grew before, without chemical insecticides and systematic weed killers to prevent losses, there would not be enough food to go round. And without the technologies of canning, refrigeration, dehydration, and preservation by various means it would not be possible to distribute the food we have to the crowded populations of our present urban civilisation.

Silk from Sawdust

Similarly, with clothing, none of the natural fibres we use in textiles is left in its native state. Wool is defatted, bleached, dyed, and blended. The production of cotton is even more technical. The bacteriology of flax retting is a subject for a Ph.D. thesis. And, beyond all these, we now have so-called artificial or 'man-made' fibres. Rayon, or artificial silk, made from sawdust has been with us for a considerable time; nylon is gradually becoming a familiar material; Ardil from peanuts will soon replace some of the uses of wool; and Terylene and Perlon, to name only two, are knocking at the door. All are products of modern science.

Three of the primary objects of man's endeavour on this earth are the provision of food, clothing, and shelter. Shelter could be defined as the creation around oneself of an artificial environment more suited to one's comfort than that of the surrounding out-of-doors. The fire in the centre of the baronial hall gave place to the more civilised fireplace. But, as we in this country know very well, this is not a completely satisfactory answer to the problem of providing comfortable surroundings. And it is interesting to recall that during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a great deal of scientific effort was devoted to the improvement of fireplaces. Many of the earlier patents deal with improved chimney pots and other devices to prevent fires from smoking.

Today, it is reasonable to believe that even we British are becoming dissatisfied with a system of warming our environment that, while mitigating the more extreme rigours of the climate, involves us personally in cold and draughty discomfort and is accompanied each year by the wholesale destruction of water-pipes by frost and the serious contamination of the atmosphere out of doors. Just as we apply science and technology to our food and to our clothing, so must we with equal logic apply the same kind of modern knowledge to the air we consume. Civilised man considers that almost all his food needs to be processed and cooked. Will he not in the future refuse to take his air raw?

'Packaged' Air Coolers

Before the war, about \$200,000,000-worth of machinery for air-conditioning was sold in the United States each year. Most of this, however, was for factories and commercial buildings. By 1953, the magnitude of the business had expanded to \$1,700,000,000, more than eight times as much, and about a quarter of this was for domestic use. In the United States the characteristic protuberance of a 'packaged' air cooler sticking out from the window-sill in a block of flats has become as important a social symbol and as essential a feature of the good life as has a television aerial here. There are various types of domestic air-conditioning plants on the market in America. A small, two-horsepower unit, the so-called 'window-box', costs about £100 and deals with the air in a single room. A bigger one of about fifteen horsepower, looking like a giant refrigerator, will cope with a small hotel. Then there are several types of central air-conditioning systems that will cool the whole atmosphere of a private house in summer and warm it in winter. It is estimated that, just as all good houses in the United States are now equipped with central heating, within five years at least half the new houses built will have air conditioning as well.

It is only within the last hundred years that we have seriously begun

to apply science to our lives, and now that at last, after dealing with food and clothing we are beginning to cope with the circumambient atmosphere which is our shelter, things are bound to go with a rush. A basic premise of science is that nothing is ever lost. (The release of atomic energy is merely a trivial exception to this general proposition.) If you warm a room with a radiator, the heat gained by the room is merely transferred from the water in the pipes. Contrariwise, when you cool the air in a refrigerator, the warmth from the air is merely taken up by the coils in the refrigerator. This basic and simple principle having been recognised, it was merely a matter of scientific thinking for there to be invented a new device about which we are certain to hear a great deal more before long: this is the so-called 'heat-pump'.

One of these is installed in the Festival Hall in London. When the hall becomes too hot, the machinery is put to work and the heat is, as it were, pumped out. Because science decrees that something cannot disappear into nothing, the heat has to go somewhere, and it goes to warm the river Thames. Should the hall be too cold, the 'pump' can warm it by extracting heat from the river. In a private house, a machine of this sort could be arranged to pump heat out of the refrigerator in the kitchen, and hence keep the food cold, and deliver it into the radiators in the living-room, which would thus be kept warm. Unfortunately, up to the present, 'heat pumps' are still too large and expensive for domestic use. Nevertheless, when, as we soon must, we overcome the human inertia that we have inherited from our pre-scientific ancestors, the equipment for processing the air around us is at hand.

Smell of Decaying Seaweed

The educated man's views as to whether fresh air is or is not good for him have fluctuated widely during recent times. In the early nineteenth century, Emma's father, Mr. Woodhouse, was horrified that anyone should be so rash as to open a window, whereas in the following century members of the same class of English society caused consternation throughout Europe, and beyond, by insisting in the teeth of local opposition that railway-carriage windows should never be closed—except when passing through a tunnel. Scientific opinion has also shown some variability. Barely a generation ago there were serious discussions as to whether a place was 'relaxing' or 'bracing'. And many a seaside resort made great play with the healthful smell of ozone on its beach until it gradually became apparent that it was not ozone at all but decaying seaweed.

We in Britain have now reached the conclusion that it is reasonable to make the air in which we live comfortable. It has been estimated that, judging from the present rate of progress, Americans born in 1960 may expect to spend their entire lives in an air-conditioned atmosphere: at home, at school, at work, and in all places of entertainment at every season of the year. Here, we may not achieve so complete a degree of technical control so soon, nor indeed may we wish to do so. We have cause, however, to take the matter seriously. Disagreeable features of untreated air arise from causes other than the weather. The domestic hearth, renowned though it may be for nourishing solid virtues, consumes a great deal of solid fuel and contributes some 900,000 tons, about half the total, to our annual output of smoke. The 'smokeless zones' established by the city fathers of Manchester, Coventry, and other places apply only to industry and commerce and have little concern with home fires.

As a general rule we manage to establish a workable *modus vivendi* with our urban atmosphere. In the London area, for example, the normal concentration of smoke between Westminster and Beckton in December may reach seventy milligrams of smoke per cubic metre and twenty parts of sulphur dioxide per 100,000,000 without causing comment. But in December 1953, you may remember, by a series of meteorological coincidences the smoke and the sulphur dioxide increased fivefold and 4,000 people were killed. Although some of these were old people who, as was pointed out by certain commentators who wished to

(continued on page 425)

NEWS DIARY

September 7-13

Wednesday, September 7

The tripartite conference on Cyprus is suspended pending a study of British proposals by the Greek and Turkish Governments

The Trades Union Congress discusses wage policy at its conference in Southport

The Greek and British Governments protest about damage done to their property during riots yesterday in Istanbul and Ismir

Thursday, September 8

U.N. Security Council calls on Egypt and Israel immediately to bring about peace and order in the Gaza area

National Coal Board and National Union of Mineworkers agree to carry out a joint enquiry on ways of increasing output at the collieries

More Royal Marines are sent to Cyprus from Malta

Friday, September 9

Meeting between Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, and the Russian leaders opens in Moscow

T.U.C. holds its final session in Southport after urging a reduction in the period of national service

Saturday, September 10

Mr. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party, replies to Dr. Adenauer's request for the problem of German prisoners in Russian hands to be solved

General Catroux, French special envoy, returns to France from Madagascar after discussions with former Sultan of Morocco

United States and Communist China reach agreement about repatriation of civilians

Sunday, September 11

French Cabinet holds meeting to hear General Catroux's report

Egyptian Government makes new regulations for shipping wishing to enter Gulf of Akaba

Soviet Union beats Britain in athletics meeting in Moscow

Monday, September 12

Plans announced for more tests of British atomic weapons in Australia

M. Faure broadcasts on French policy in Morocco

British export figures for August show increase

Tuesday, September 13

Prime Minister visits R.A.F. bases

Government of Tunisia resigns

Soviet Union and German Federal Republic agree to establish diplomatic relations



Tanks mounting guard in a street in Istanbul on September 8 after anti-Greek riots in which damage estimated at £100,000,000 was done. The immediate cause of the riots was a bomb attack on the Turkish Consulate in Salonika in which the house where Kemal Ataturk was born was damaged



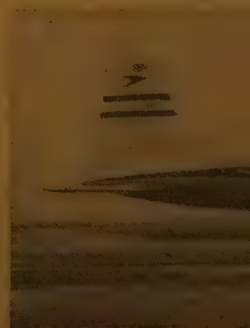
Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, expressing thanks after being presented with his portrait by the Mayor of Hastings on behalf of the Confederation of Cinque Ports on September 7



Dr. Adenauer, the German Minister, are seen facing in Moscow on September relations between



Earl Spencer's dressed Northamptonshire Agricultural



The Bristol Britannia tug from London Airport



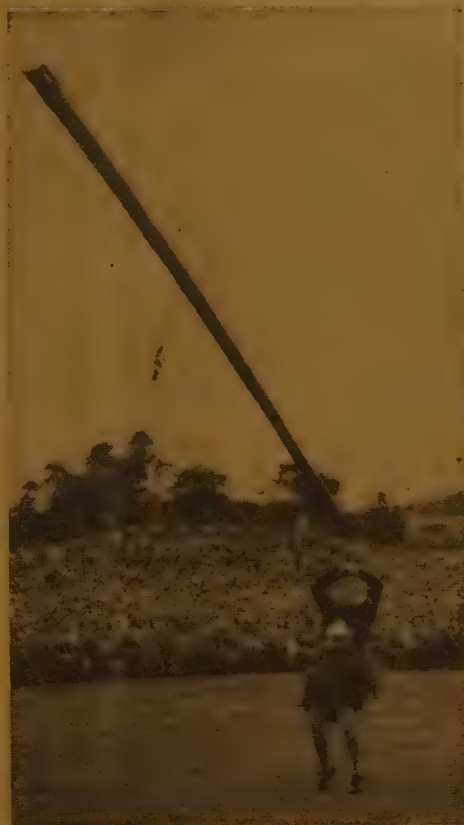
Chancellor, and Marshal Bulganin, the Russian Prime Minister, at the opening of the conference in the Spiridonovka Palace. Marshal Bulganin proposed the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and Germany. This was agreed on September 13.



Royal Marines arriving at Famagusta, Cyprus, on September 10 to reinforce the British garrison in Cyprus.



Parade at the county show of the county held at Althorp Park last week.



G. Clark tossing the caber during the Braemar Highland Games. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children visited the gathering on September 9 after travelling from Balmoral.



Right: A cricket match in aid of charity was played at East Grinstead on September 11 between politicians and the stage. The politicians (top photograph) include the Home Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the Lord Chancellor, and the Minister of Labour. The stage team includes Mr. John Mills, Mr. Rex Harrison and (seated on ground) Mr. Richard Hearne.



Lincoln bomber photographed before it took off on the first of a number of overseas flying flights.



On the road to Mandalay

IN the heat of Burma's teak forests elephants are used to shift huge loads of timber. Trucks and lorries work alongside — and they need to be tough. That's why Burma chooses British trucks. Made of British steel.

Hundreds of British trucks travel the roads of Burma by day and night. These vehicles mean prosperity for Burma. Exports like these mean prosperity for Britain.

Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

(continued from page 421)

avoid causing alarm, belonged to the category of those 'who were going to die in any event', others were infants or merely sufferers from bronchitis. It was pointed out by John Evelyn many generations ago that we wrap our cities in 'a hellish and dismal cloud of seacoale'. In spite of a series of ineffective legislative gestures since Evelyn's time, culminating in the Beaver Report of 1954 which confirms the fact that air pollution is an 'evil which should no longer be tolerated', it is probable that the degree of contamination has grown heavier through the centuries. The blackness of our buildings and the state of our atmosphere would have shocked our pre-industrial forefathers very much. It is fortunate that we can at least still be shocked at their drains.

It is some time now since the Sovereign of a pre-scientific age, walking in procession to distribute the royal Maundy, used to carry a nosegay of flowers the purpose of which was in part to mitigate the atmosphere generated by a close concourse of people. It is perhaps a moot point, however, whether the atmosphere of a modern crowd is an improvement. Today, although the march of plumbing allows us to

wash more frequently than our ancestors, we smoke more tobacco together and generate substantial volumes of gas from the combustion of petrol and diesel oil. Our enthusiastic, if unscientific, acceptance of chlorophyll as an aid to social life could, perhaps, be taken as an indication of an uneasy conscience in this respect.

Artificial textiles created by science are here to stay, to supplement the wool and cotton, flax and leather of agriculture. In certain respects, nylon and the rest are an improvement on nature. Processed foods are safer, more stable, and often more nourishing than the natural article. The taste of tinned pineapples is not quite the same as that of the raw fruit but many people consider it is pleasanter. With analogies such as these ready to hand, we surely cannot avoid the conclusion that processed air is safer, more agreeable, more sweet smelling, and in every way better than the medium to be found in the twentieth century out-of-doors. The domestic air-conditioner is obviously going to take its place with the refrigerator, the washing-machine, the infra-red cooker, and the television, as essential to civilised life. All the evidence shows that in the new technological age the widespread suspicion of fresh air is justified.

—Third Programme

Women and Sometimes Men

The first of three talks by FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL

IT would never occur to anyone to take men as a subject for discussion. They are far too varied. But women are a favourite subject, for both protest and dismay. There may be much meaning in this, as perhaps the time has come for women to change, that the balance between the masculine and the feminine may be better. Now may even be the point in time when thought is seen as sterile and destructive unless partnered by true feeling, feeling that is as trustworthy as clear thought. I do not mean 'emotion', which is hot, blind, fed from unknown sources, but feeling that assesses value justly, and so keeps a living relationship to experience.

When we say women, whom do we mean? Whom are we going to talk about? For women are usually described as someone would like them to be, or would like them not to be, but seldom as they are in themselves. The very word 'woman' is equivocal, since it may mean someone from whom you expect untiring work, or someone utterly fluid and so endlessly adaptable; or it can mean someone very good, or very bad, or very alluring, or hardly there at all.

One thing is certain, and that is that a talk such as this should not be voiced, or listened to, unless you and I accept the fact that every man and woman is both masculine and feminine. This is true psychologically as well as physically, and modern psychological thought now takes it for granted. We each carry a dual inheritance, and we shall only flounder in generalities unless we agree that our aim is to consider the masculine and the feminine sides of the woman, and the feminine and masculine sides of the man.

It seems necessary to discuss men and women together as they are in reciprocal relationship, one being frequently measured by the other. Withdrawn from each other, they change markedly. If men are in special circumstances, deprived of action and initiative and forced to live passive endurance, their faces even take on a look of womanly patience; while women forced by necessity into extremes of effort have the formidable strength of strong men. So we are really discussing the maddening duality of human nature.

Psychological analysis has shown that man is masculine only outside but feminine inside, while woman is feminine outside but masculine inside. The less a woman recognises and honours her masculine side the more primitive it is: explosive and unreasonable, though often heroic. While a man's unadmitted feminine side can make him claim protection from all discomfort, demand flattery, and play the clamant child. When he is like this he thinks badly of women, judging them by his own disregarded feminine side. Both men and women are acutely sensitive in these matters, as both think they should be completely masculine or feminine, and could be if the other sex would let them. They are always outraged to have a doubt cast that this is less than true. But if we do not admit the paradox in our nature, then inevitably the unavowed side is truly inferior, and we are rightly humiliated to be seen living it blindly. This is a very prickly subject,

and only a deep conviction of the riches that clarity might bring makes one dare to broach it at all.

It is foolhardy to attempt to define masculinity and femininity, yet I must attempt a definition, though knowing I am near the morass of half truths. I follow other psychologists in saying 'masculinity moves toward a goal'. Continuing from that one can say that it acts, so a change takes place, and something has been defined. He who acts is responsible for his act, thus danger is faced, since a former pattern has been broken. Standing by his act, he has become an individual, then thought and force are required of him. The taut bow and pointed arrow of the masculine principle were needed if civilisations were to be born, and life was to move forward. Small wonder if the feminine principle had to serve it, and to care for it; also to believe in its strength, even when that strength was absent. Strong as man can be, he has always needed woman's support, though she can be a great danger to him as well. She softens him, exposes him to his passions, his childishness, and to all that is most primitive and most formless in him. So how natural if she had to be suppressed, and was then left to carry both his sins and her own; while he went forward to clarify those impersonal things in which we have half our being.

But principles are very different from people. They are great tendencies, while we are small and uncertain. So a man, any individual man, lives in a constant predicament. For life requires great qualities of him, and it is his pride to represent them, even when he prefers not to live them. Yet it must be dreadful for him when women claim it as their natural right that he should produce his greatness on demand. For the sorry truth is that man cannot always be strong or clear. Who could? If he sometimes plays his role greatly, and is the very glory of life, how fortunate. At other times he is the first to say—'Ah, have a heart!'

Having taken a flickering glance at masculinity, dare I try to encircle femininity? Perhaps not what it is, but what it is expected to be. I would then say that life, and men, ask mercy of women. They ask for generosity, and for the compassion of acceptance. They ask for joy, kindness and blindness, work, and forgetfulness; and too often for indulgence. In short, they ask for many aspects of love. They also ask to be allowed to stop being strong, and they enjoy not being clear. Women must, for their own and for life's sake, respect and admire men, and we have to agree that as a whole men are more differentiated than women. Men have gone far in impersonal achievement and in codified thought, and they have created many specialised worlds. But when a man comes to a woman, he comes so often to recover his simple humanity, and to rest from being at his best. So the woman has to forgo his better side, and accept his lesser. This is hard for her, and here he needs her mercy.

Shall we agree, then, that man does not appear to be always masculine, and is it time to ask if woman is always feminine? Does she

always show mercy and compassion? But these are love, and at its highest level. If these are expected of woman she is greatly honoured. Mercy is a divine attribute. Our Lady is merciful. Kwan Yin is merciful. So somewhere men and women revere each other. Let us be glad, even awestruck, if they seem to seek the divine in each other.

Resort of the Hard-pressed

But once more let us leave great principles, and come this time to any individual woman. If she is willing to watch herself live an ordinary day, she must admit how seldom she is merciful, and how often her own masculinity makes her roughly and excessively downright. We are forced to believe that when either men or women are hard pressed, they each resort to that side of their natures they are not supposed to possess. This is what we see on every side, and what, too often, we live in ourselves. A man's hurt heart and spiritual wound, as well as his childishness and moral cowardice, may make him recoil into his feminine side. He also does it because, half unwittingly, he seeks to explore and expand his own nature. Many men today show unmistakably that their feeling has withdrawn from the arid aspects of our modern world, and this is true of the best as well as the worst. Feeling has gone down into the undefinable places, where lies the fresh life that is so desperately needed. Many of these men are suffering the ordeal of loss of feeling, but the perceptive ones among them may be precisely those who will come to honour feeling, and learn to know it as the true assessment of living value.

While some men are thus caught, many women show a half-smothered anger that is perhaps a just protest at our modern plight. For countless women are carrying heavy burdens hitherto unattempted. They are giving great service to society, but they do it by drawing on qualities which they have only recently made their own. So is it any wonder if they do it at a high cost?

Here we must take one moment to recall the road women have come. All through time they have been contained, and protected, after a fashion. They have lived within the family and the group, acquiring the virtues and vices of those who tend, watch, and learn by what they receive. Their role was to bring man back to his human roots when he had overreached himself. Woman was often man's touchstone, letting him see how far down, or up, he had got. Together with men, woman evolved human-happiness, where there are no questions. Out of her devotion she created an inner safety where the personal blossomed. These things came to women within social patterns that they had done only a little to create. If the design broke she suffered and had desperate need of inclusion. Without protection she was sexual quarry, or untrained labour. So that very gradually—it took her a long time—she at last demanded to be considered someone in her own right. That was a very bold, and a very brave claim. But economic history had reached a point where it was convenient to have women earning their own living, so after a little fuss she was allowed to step out into the exposed and often unrelated position she occupies today.

With such a past, such a role, and such a present, what would you expect women to do? What does anyone do when in difficulties? They call up their resources, they call up every last man. And that is precisely what woman has done. She has always needed the strength of men, and now she calls on the man within her own nature, and he comes. It is only seldom that she makes a pact with him; rarely is there a marriage between them giving equal honour. Her call to him is dictated by need, and by panic. She shouts down the castle walls that the castle is undefended, and up comes every warrior and handy man about the place. Then masculinity takes over, and it could not be otherwise. From then on the woman in the woman hides in some dusty corner. She hates the noise and the combat, and feels wronged if anyone thinks she is making it. But she is. Those she called up are making it. And any man would say that she can, on occasion, emasculate those whom nature has made men. When one cannot reason with her, or beat her, the man nearest to her may then know the helplessness women have known through the ages. For when a woman will not see that she is possessed by blind forces within her, she is ruthless nature, and those about her can but wait for the tempest to subside.

But what are we women to do with this inner man? He belongs to us. He has always been a part of us, though perhaps never so out and about as today. We could hardly have survived without him, and at a crisis he may be the one part of us that our husbands demand; and, what is more, count on. Our inner man can be a devil, but he is invaluable. He both helps us to live our seemingly professional lives, and too often he goes on the loose and rages about the home. We call him up

when we want our own way, as well as when our families need to survive by his efforts. He helps us both in our good and in our bad. If our hearts were wiser we would not let him have his wild way; though there are times when he is our sacred anger, the volcano from which rises our inchoate comment on life, and which one day we may clarify—which we have perhaps begun to clarify, just a little. In our cooler moods, we train him to think for us, and he can: though we often accept brass from him in lieu of gold. Many women have learned to partner him. He can be an administrator and a scholar. He is a lively critic, for think of the ages of suppressed criticism he has drawn on. He is a perceptive historian, writing with subtlety and humanity. Some of the women he inspires have made him form a rich whole, the very consummation of duality.

But the truth is he will not keep his place. He is too often out of modern guise. He is us. He even lives in place of us. We have long been subservient to men, and now we are craven with the man within us. He distorts us, bedevils us, and frees us; and he also makes us forget the personal, that core from which we all live. Women have always been the guardian of the private and the personal, and if we now neglect the quality of these, then all our gains may be cancelled by a loss.—*Third Programme*

Desegregation

(continued from page 409)

the Court's desegregation order of May 31. During June and July the same newspaper carried no discussion of the grave agricultural and industrial problems affecting every person in the region. Thus, the South dissipates its energies on the emotion-charged problem of race: other pressing problems go unattended and unsolved, while the South faces its new dilemma.

Within the framework of a civilised community's commitment to obedience of the law and to the idea of public education, the South's predicament hardly presents a real dilemma. As regards the law of the land, the South can either comply with the decision or go beyond the pale and defy the decision by continuing to enforce segregation in its schools. As far as public education is concerned, it can either integrate and strengthen its schools or it can abandon the system of free public education. As one Supreme Court justice put it, the Southern States can always exercise their right to permit all their children to grow up in abject ignorance. But these hardly constitute alternatives that a responsible citizenry can seriously consider. Yet, thousands of white Southerners are rejecting the law and are embracing the alternative choice. In some States they are proceeding to organise stand-by corporations that will operate private segregated schools, if necessary. They are enjoining Negro teachers to affiliate with organisations that advocate the enforcement of the Supreme Court decision. Tax-paid public officials are formulating ingenious ways to evade or frustrate the clear mandate of the Court. In such numerous instances the South is moving dangerously close to a collapse of community responsibility and to the deterioration of law and order.

For the South has persuaded itself that a real dilemma exists. It regards itself as faced with the alternative of yielding to a specious sociological Supreme Court decision that presumes to interfere with its internal affairs, or maintaining its right 'by lawful resistance' to preserve its local and racial integrity. Thus it proceeds to wrestle with an age-old problem in the age-old context of honour and morality. With the law of the land against it, with national and world opinion apparently out of sympathy with it, and with its own larger interests clearly arrayed against it, the South continues to hold rather firmly to its untenable position.

But the South cannot win in the present struggle; and sober, thoughtful Southerners know it. Whether it will be able to gain sufficient time to enable it to retreat gracefully and save face remains to be seen. For a section without experience in the art of retreat this presents a most difficult problem. What one really hopes is that the South can extricate itself from its preoccupation with race problems soon enough and long enough to be able to devote some attention to its other difficulties. For if it does not face up to the realities of a new social and economic order, it is conceivable that the section will be swept up by the engulfing tide of change. And in its wake will be left untold damage and incalculable debris in the form of wrecked human and physical resources. In this eventuality the problem of reconstruction and readjustment will be immeasurably greater than any problem the South has ever faced.

—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Portrait of W. B. Yeats

Sir,—Mr. St. John Ervine of course knew W. B. Yeats far better than I, who met him only twice. But on the strength of even two meetings I feel obliged to dissent from Mr. Ervine's view that Yeats had no humour (THE LISTENER, September 1). I count him one of the funniest raconteurs I have ever heard; and in argument (his opponent was no 'gumph', but Fr. Martindale) he had a wonderful—specifically Irish—gift of combining his perfectly serious belief in magic with a mischievous audacity. An Englishman never knew where to have him; and the conclusion of the debate ('Father Martindale, ye are a sceptuc') was excruciating.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

C. S. Lewis

Portrait of Thomas Hardy

Sir,—I am interested by Mr. St. John Ervine's statement (THE LISTENER, September 8) that Thomas Hardy designed only one house, namely, his own Max Gate, for I remember an article published after the death of T. F. Powys in which it was asserted that Hardy had designed Powys' house, Beth Car, at East Chaldon. Could any of your readers give authoritative confirmation of this?

Yours, etc.,

University Library, Hull P. A. LARKIN

Sir,—I should like to point out to Mr. St. John Ervine that Hardy, even before the publication of *Jude*, wrote in his journal: 'If this sort of thing continues, no more novel-writing for me'. This, after the Bishop of Wakefield had publicly burned one of his novels—only, commented Hardy, because he could not burn the author.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15 GRAHAM T. ACKROYD

Sir,—Mr. St. John Ervine's talk on Thomas Hardy was delightful: urbane, humorous, full of Irish charm. Sometimes I think it was all charm: how rich that can be. I must, however, disagree when he stoutly maintains that Hardy was not a peasant.

It was because he was a peasant as well as a man of genius that his best characters, especially Tess, are part of Wessex soil: the woods with their varied music, Egdon Heath a character of its own, the lights of Christminster illusion for poor Jude. There is nothing remotely like it in Zola's *The Earth*, notwithstanding a struggle to make it so.

Let Mr. St. John Ervine come into my study and look at Augustus John's brilliant portrait of Thomas Hardy. He recalls the time when I met him; saw and wrote about the Hardy plays for *The Academy*, and happily mingled with many of the Hardy players. In the portrait Thomas Hardy is lightly holding the lapels of his lounge coat: a great writer and fine Wessex peasant.

Yours, etc.,

East Grinstead

HADLAND DAVIS

Portrait of H. G. Wells

Sir,—Before defending or attacking H. G. Wells, your correspondents Dr. Stopes, Mr. Manhattan, and Mr. Goodwin should get their facts right. They all refer to Wells' *History of the World*, whereas there is no such book. Wells

actually wrote *The Outline of History* (the first volume edition 1920), and *A Short History of the World* (first edition, 1922). Presumably your correspondents are referring to the former work, although both have been revised and republished several times.

Furthermore, your correspondents show no understanding of what *The Outline of History* was meant to be. Wells did not try to write a 'great' book; he merely compiled and summarised his book from other writers. 'The Outline', he wrote, 'is a book of today—with no pretensions to immortality'. He looked upon it as a simple current account of world history, which would eventually be superseded, just as its various editions superseded each other. It was entirely proper for Mr. Raymond Postgate to bring it up to date after Wells' death. If the book lives, it will do so because of its constant revision, and Wells wished for nothing else.

As to Mr. Goodwin's complaint that 'Wells wrote more history than he knew', Wells never pretended otherwise. He enlisted the help of Sir Ray Lankester, Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir Harry Johnston, and Sir Ernest Barker, together with many specialists including Sir Denison Ross. These learned men advised him on sources, and later criticised the chapters as they were written. Thus the book was made accurate, but the responsibility for matters of opinion was Wells' own. As he wrote:

The reader of this book need be in no doubt about the facts, the names, the dates that are given here. . . . The book has been severely criticised, but never on the score of its general accuracy. Even so inveterate an antagonist of the writer as Mr. Belloc has conceded it that much merit.

All this information is in the first dozen pages of *The Outline of History*. Those who are provoked by Mr. St. John Ervine's broadcast—which I found singularly unpleasant and an insult to Wells' memory—might first take the slight trouble to look at the book they are talking about.

Yours, etc.,

Osney

JOHN GILLARD WATSON

Sir,—Your correspondent's derogatory reference, in THE LISTENER of September 8, to Wells' *History of the World* was probably due to his judging it by the wrong standards. The *Outline of History*—to give it its correct title—was surely never meant to be a standard work of scholarly history, completely documented and meticulously accurate. It is rather a vivid and moving picture of the story of mankind—a painting, not a portrait, of world history. As such, it served its purpose in winning many to an interest in history which a more scholarly work would probably never have done.

I feel that I must add, too, that, like others, I found Mr. St. John Ervine's talk on Wells strangely one-sided and unsympathetic to that great man's work, to which I for one owe much of my mental development in earlier years.

Yours, etc.,

East Croydon

E. LIVESEY FOWLER

Less Fun, More Fuss?

Sir,—One last word, please. The phrase I used, 'founding careers elsewhere', sufficiently indicated my agreement with Mr. Hopkins'

proposition, which he says I ignored. For other men, a degree is a foundation, and a first-class degree is a first-class foundation. But, for good or ill, the schoolmaster is not as other men are: he, almost alone, is continuously making extensive professional use of the specialised knowledge which gained him his degree. It is idle, therefore, to argue that a principle effective in other professions must necessarily be applied to the schoolmaster. His is the limited but still honourable task of maintaining the tradition of sound learning in schools; and it is proper that men adjudged by the universities to be the best-equipped in sound learning themselves should receive due recognition. If the time comes—it may not be far distant—when model lessons in all subjects can be produced at will out of electronic robots, and masters in grammar schools are engaged for their ability as disc-jockeys, Mr. Hopkins will have good grounds for urging his principle of equality.

This correspondence was evoked, Sir, by your comment (THE LISTENER, August 11) that the number who obtained first-class degrees had considerably lessened, proportionately, since the war: I was concerned to show that, in one profession at any rate, incentive is lacking. The correspondence as a whole seems to suggest that the issue of class-lists may, before long, be regarded as an outworn survival and discontinued. But that is another question, for the universities to decide.

Yours, etc.,

Wrexham

F. C. ROWLANDS

Sir,—Mr. Rossiter has indignantly corrected my statistics. I am rash, I am unjust, he adds. These, I must deny.

If I accept his corrections, I must add that his figures do not invalidate my conclusions, but strengthen them. Mr. Rossiter should look beyond the figures.

I am accused of assuming the uniformity of the material, and of making the tacit premiss that intellectual material ought to be much of a muchness in the seven subjects I mentioned. It is not my fallacy or my premiss, but the Burnham Committee's. Uniform degree standards between universities and within university faculties do not exist. This my troubled statistics were intended to illustrate. Mr. Rossiter should re-read my first letter.

My remark that 'Cambridge graduates are obviously of a higher quality than those of Oxford' was ironic. It was not obvious enough for Mr. Rossiter.

Yours, etc.,

Rhondda

K. S. HOPKINS

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Harpsichord Continuo

Sir,—Mr. Hussey asks (THE LISTENER, September 1) whether the harpsichord continuo was effectively audible to those present in the Albert Hall for the Prom on August 15. From my seat in the stalls the continuo was clearly defined, yet in perfect balance with the rest of the orchestra in the Second Brandenburg. Incidentally, the continuo player was Charles Spinks, and not George Malcolm as stated by Mr. Hussey.

It is a pity that radio listeners could not see the superb gesture with which Harold Jackson,

the solo trumpet, pointed his instrument to heaven during the last bar of the Concerto. However, listeners were lucky even to *hear* this bar, for it was six minutes past nine when it was played.

Yours, etc.,

Chorley Wood H. D. CHESTERMAN

'Love After Death'

Sir,—My heart goes out to Mr. J. C. Trewin, the producer R. D. Smith, the unfortunate actors, and the listeners who shared in the ordeal of my alleged 'translation' of Calderon's very great play 'Love After Death'. I did not hear this tragedy (*in more senses than one!*) but one look at the script, as issued to the producer, made my hair stand up! I fainted outright. I gave up counting at the hundred-and-eighty-sixth error—not such errors as would warn the actors by making nonsense of a word, but those errors which derive from *viva voce* dictation to an insensitive ear, and change the whole meaning so that 'steel' becomes 'steal' and 'won' becomes 'one', etc. Apart from these ghastly errors, the scansion so necessary to a Calderon play had been tampered with throughout. So not even a ghost of the lyricism of this fine play was preserved!

When a play is 'adapted' without warning the translator, *when it is announced as an adaptation*, and when the translator is not

shown the adulterated script till too late—he cannot be held responsible. I have rescued the original manuscript and I hope its publication will vindicate me (and itself) as the best verse translation I ever made from any language. I was exalted by it for weeks—but when I saw the script I actually fainted, as my wife and daughters can witness.

Yours, etc.,

Cintra

ROY CAMPBELL

[*The Assistant Head of Drama (Sound) writes: 'Mr. Campbell's translation was submitted in longhand. The typescript did contain a number of typing errors which were rectified during the production. The adapted script was sent to Mr. Campbell, who commented on the typing errors but had no adverse comments to make on the adaptation. If Mr. Campbell had listened to the production perhaps his comments now would be less emphatic.'*]

Ears and Eyes

Sir,—I have just had an opportunity of reading, in THE LISTENER of August 11, your television critic's moan about the 'insipidity of the human countenance', and his inquiry about the point of showing announcers reading the news.

I have some sympathy with Mr. Stephen Bone's views on faces (which Humpty Dumpty also held); but I would ask him to think of the

thousands of people to whom seeing is hearing. Many hearing-aid users can understand a speaker whom they can see, but cannot understand a disembodied voice. Thousands of people with no hearing at all can lip-read to some extent. To these, television, announcers and all, is a great boon.

When Mr. Bone and others who feel as he does find that the standard pattern of two eyes, nose in the middle, mouth under is becoming too much for him, will he please close his eyes, think of us, and thank God that his ears are still working?

Yours, etc.,

Neston-in-Wirral

A. M. FISHER

Publicity Chairman,
British Association for the Hard of Hearing

Biography of Orson Welles

Sir,—I am engaged in writing the biography of Orson Welles, for publication next spring, and would be grateful for the help of any of your readers who may possess relevant material.

All cuttings, photographs, letters, anecdotes, or reminiscences will be received with gratitude. All documents will be copied and returned at once and acknowledgements will be made in the book itself.

Yours, etc.,

72, Wellington Court,
N.W.8

PETER NOBLE

Two Poems

The Dual Site

To my twin who lives in a cruel country
I wrote a letter at last;
For my bones creaked out in our long silence
That seven years had passed,

Seven whole years since he and I
By word or token exchanged
The message I dare not do without:
That still we are not estranged,

Though I watch figures in a city office
And he the waves of the sea,
Keeping no count since he hardly cares
What happens to him or to me;

Since to names and numbers he closed his head
When, children still, we were parted,
Chose birth and death for his calendar,
But leaves the dates uncharted,

Being one who forgets what I remember,
Who knows what I do not,
Who has learnt the ways of otter and raven
While I've grown polyglot.

Lately I found a cactus in flower
And feared for his apple-trees,
Dozed in the club and saw his cattle
Drag with a foul disease,

And my bones that are stiff with leaning and
lying
Cried out that I'll labour in vain
Till I help my twin to rebuild his hovel
That's open to wind and rain.

So I sent him a note, expecting no answer,
And a cheque he'd never cash,
For I knew he was one who'd smile if he heard
His own roof come down with a crash,

But above the porpoise-leaping bay
Where ploughshare fin and tail
Cut furrows the foam-flecked sea fills up
He'd stand in the swishing gale,

Calm as the jackdaws that nest in crannies
And no more prone to doubt,
With gull and cormorant perched on the rocks
Would wait the weather out.

Yet he wrote by return: 'Have no fear for your
dwelling
Though dry-rot gnaws at the floors;
Only lighten their load of marble and metal,
Keep clear the corridors,

Move out the clocks that clutter your study,
And the years will leave you alone:
Every frame I know of lasts long enough,
Though but cardboard, wood or bone.

And spare me your nightmares, brother, I beg
you,
They make my demons laugh,
They scare the spirits that rarely will visit
A man with no wand or staff.

With no symbol, no book and no formula,
No lore to aid him at all,
Who wherever he walks must find the image
That holds his mentors in thrall.

But your waking cares put down on paper
For me to give to the wind,
That the seed may fall and the dry leaf crumble,
Not a wisp be left behind

Of the tangle that hides the dual site
Where even you and I
Still may meet again and together build
One house before we die'.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Flowers

I remember, as a child,
Picking gentle convolvulus, knowing how soon
it would die.
I would not trespass against such flowers now.

And the strong marguerites in the grass,
The squat dandelions buttoning the lawn,
Tough flowers for necklaces, these I used not to
pick.

A child ran in with a dying
Useless flower no water could quicken,
Trespassing over the summer grass, foreknowing
the summer hours.

Tempted by the most delicate and transient
Treasures of power, the flower he knew would
die.

I should not be deceived by such flowers now:

But would let them live their hour
As I do not mine, innocent and unchosen, and
turn instead
To the tough, perennial, self-sufficient plant

Studding the grass unchallenged. Here
In the flowerless city my fingers may pull it still
From out of the docks and thistles and finger-
less stones

And carry it home to challenge me till I die
Between dry pages in a dusty room,
My tearless, quickening companion.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT is obviously impossible to tell whether a child of eight or nine is going to turn into an artist, but it ought to be possible to make a decision about a child of sixteen or so. This, at any rate, is assumed by the advisory committee of the National Exhibition of Children's Art, now open at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly, and by the *Sunday Pictorial*, which organises the exhibition and gives an award of £250 to the most successful exhibitor—this year this is Eric Delf, aged fifteen—for further training. Moreover in the present exhibition the recent work of some previous prize-winners who are now young men and women is being shown so that the visitor may judge for himself whether awards were judiciously made in the past. As it happens most of these young artists have not yet got beyond the stage at which it is possible to say anything more than that their present-day work is the production of a reasonably promising student. But that, after all, is something.

Eric Delf's 'Fish Boxes', the winning picture, is a remarkably mature work and the character of the two figures is observed with surprising penetration; but in general the interest of the exhibition lies in the work of younger children which, as always in any well-chosen show of this kind, seems wildly original and daring. In spite of all the solemn or sprightly books that have been written on the subject of education in art, and in spite of all the elaborate study that has been given to the subject, it seems clear that the origins and first impulses of art, if that is what these extravagant fantasies and inventions represent, are still wholly mysterious; how vision can be so transformed, and what relevance these transformations have to adult art, have by no means been explained.

Some of Mr. Victor Willing's paintings at the Hanover Gallery are slightly creepy and may a little remind one of Mr. Francis Bacon's work; a monkey on a table seems to have esoteric significance, and even in his picture of a young man playing with a kitten the animal does not look altogether harmless or familiar. But in general his work is much less recondite than that of Mr. Bacon and he has painted a fairly large recumbent nude in an admirably straightforward fashion. He certainly does not need to attract attention by abstruse or sinister subjects; though at first sight his designs may seem rather loose, there is much firm drawing and sound construction in them and he seems to be one of those fortunate painters who really knows how to draw with a large and freely handled brush. At the same gallery a Greek sculptor, Miss Frosso Eftimiadi, shows works in bronze, terracotta, and iron which range from realistic portraiture to almost complete abstraction and which exhibit a rather disquieting variety of stylisations. There is not much life in her abstractions from the human figure but some of her animals and birds, of which the one labelled 'Weathercock' is a good example, are neatly and epigrammatically simplified in a way that retains something of their natural character.

M. Guillaume Orix, a Belgian artist of the school of Paris, calls a number of his pictures 'Mindscape', which presumably means that

he has drawn the shapes in them out of his head, but as his work is completely abstract this point does not really need to be emphasised. His execution and his use of dry, crumbly paint is thoroughly professional, and though his pictures are decorative and not very marked off from the original there is something more than decoration in them and some trace of the artist's individuality; whether anything more can be expected of any normally accomplished abstract painter, and whether that is enough, may perhaps be doubted. Mr. Bryan Wynter's recent watercolours and gouaches at the same gallery are mainly abstractions from Cornish landscapes in which something of the character of the country remains. It is an interesting question whether artists of the

school to which he belongs feel that the only thing to be done with Cornwall is to stylise it almost, though not quite, out of recognition, or whether on the contrary the effect on them is so powerful that they cannot help alluding to it even when setting out to compose a pattern of imaginary forms. A third exhibition at the Redfern Gallery consists of a portfolio of drawings by William Strutt, 1825-1915, who is no doubt legitimately described as a forgotten artist. He was a narrative painter, trained under such highly official French artists as Delacroix and Horace Vernet, and a great traveller; his best-known pictures seem to be of incidents, such as a bush fire and the expedition of Burke and Wills, in Australian history. His drawings are much more interesting than his finished paintings; the subjects are lively and



'Man with a Kitten', by Victor Willing: from the exhibition at the Hanover Gallery

varied, the execution delicately precise, but he is sometimes a little stiff in much the same way as Edward Lear was in his watercolours.

The Gimpel Fils Gallery is exhibiting, as is their practice at this time of year, the work of eight young artists chosen from the last 'Young Contemporaries' exhibition. As a result, some examples of the sombre and Zolaesque realism of the present day have invaded a gallery which usually specialises in the more uncompromising forms of unfigurative art. Mr. Graham C. Arnold's overcast still-life paintings are characteristic works in this style, and in 'Two Girls with a Corpse' Miss Pamela Lloyd has launched out on an ambitious composition which is equally attuned to the spirit of the times. She is an artist of marked originality, but a small still life here, and one or two portraits that she has recently shown in mixed exhibitions, suggest that her talents are best employed in small pictures. Mr. Ralph Brown is an accomplished sculptor with a real grasp of forms in the round; his life-size statue of a woman illustrates the specifically sculptural quality of his feeling. Mr. Alan Windsor's brightly coloured pictures are rather favourable in style and make a cheerful contrast to the gloom of some of the other exhibits. The second part of the Leicester Galleries' exhibition of 'Artists of Fame and Promise' is as well worth a visit as the first, and it is to be hoped that support will be given to a courageous venture of Sir Richard Rees: he has taken a kitchen at 15 Addison Place, W.14, and hung it with a collection of his modest and highly conscientious paintings. They are on view every Thursday, from 2.30 to 6.0 p.m.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Tudor Family Portrait

By Barbara Winchester. Cape. 25s.

THIS BOOK IS THE PRODUCT of what may be fairly called a first-class historical 'scoop'. To have lighted upon a little-known collection of letters, many hundreds in number, of a Tudor merchant where they lay in the half-concealment of the State Papers Supplementary in the Public Record Office; to have carried through the formidable task of transcribing and editing them, and at the last to have transmuted them into a book whose charm has deservedly gained the approbation of the Book Society—this is a literary success-story which may fill many a young scholar-author with envy. *Habent sua fata libelli*.

John Johnson, to whom we and Miss Winchester are alike indebted, was a merchant of the staple who enjoyed a successful partnership in business with his brother Otwell from 1534 until 1551 (when Otwell fell victim to the sweating sickness), and who soon afterwards went bankrupt. The rest of his life—he appears to have survived nearly forty years—is a sorry epilogue which Miss Winchester disposes of in a concluding chapter. Its only noteworthy feature is Johnson's futile advocacy of Ipswich as a mart-town in succession to the dying Antwerp. (But Johnson, a Puritan, may have had a role in the religious politics of the time which is not touched upon.) The bankruptcy which ended Johnson's career as a merchant now serves, four centuries later, to make his historical reputation, for it preserved, in official hands, a portion at least of his voluminous papers which would otherwise in all probability have passed, with those of his solvent fellows, long ago to their destruction.

It is from this material that Miss Winchester, using a lively historical imagination to breathe life into its dead bones, has reconstructed the story of this Tudor family. Apart from John Johnson himself, there were his wife Sabine, who is assured of a place in the gallery of Tudor women, and his brothers, Otwell the mainstay of the business and popular with everyone, and Richard the ne'er do well who was quick to desert the ship which he had done not a little to sink; and a host of relatives, some of them, like the Caves, moving in governmental circles. Soon after his marriage John Johnson established himself at Glapthorn in Northamptonshire, his wife's county, and the fortunes of the household and estate there bulk large in the book.

In bringing the contents of this unique collection of documents before the public Miss Winchester has been confronted by the familiar problem of reconciling the needs of the general reader with those of the student. The general reader she has certainly done proud: the student comes off somewhat less well. It may be that what he needs is a selection of letters to set beside those of the Pastons and the Verneys. But in the meantime he must content himself with the present volume, and it seems a pity that Miss Winchester did not take its more serious readers a little more seriously. The title 'References', for instance, is scarcely applicable to the mere list of book-titles which follows, and the number of slips and mis-statements suggests an almost slapdash disregard for accuracy. Some of these will not give even the ordinary reader much trouble; but the chronological confusions of 1548-9 and 1551-2 may do so, and the mention of 'Guicciardini's *Antwerp*', the best-seller of the age may send perhaps even some students in search of a non-existent work. Miss Winchester also perpetuates a hoary mistrans-

lation in calling the *strada* of the famous Italian Relation of 1500 'the Strand'; it was the 'street' which Otwell Johnson and his fellow-merchants haunted, that is Lombard Street.

The Making of a Poem. By Stephen Spender. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

Mr. Spender's new book is a collection of essays, 'the notes of a writer on writing'. The first, and key essay, 'Inside the Cage', is perhaps the nearest thing we have had recently on this side of the channel to a genuine discussion of the contemporary intellectual's situation. 'The problem', Mr. Spender writes, 'is to put the creative imagination back at the centre of life'. While agreeing that 'to declare bankruptcy is better than to live upon empty conventions', he points out that such declarations of bankruptcy 'are extremely dangerous because their credit rests on the losses themselves. One cannot write this civilisation's last great poem more than once'. How difficult it all is: and Mr. Spender's characteristic troubled honesty prevents him from laying down any brilliantly dogmatic solution. We are caught in the situation, and only belief, which most of us lack, can liberate us. We, the prisoners, are our own jailers, and only he who has been liberated can be a liberator. It seems to be the old problem of the chicken and the egg.

The essay on Goethe (in which, by the way, Lowes Dickinson's surname is misprinted) also emphasises the value of that art which is a deliberate, confident effort of the will as against that which is an expression of weakness and guilt. Goethe offers Mr. Spender interesting parallels and contrasts; Goethe and Joyce (objectivity with and without action), Goethe and Shakespeare, Goethe and—once again—the contemporary situation. Goethe had no sense of guilt, and it is convincingly argued that his poetry, a strong poetry of the intellectual will which succeeds in objectifying the personal and resolving its problems, is the kind of poetry we should admire and aim at today. Goethe would have got out of the cage: but the English poet 'hides with all his guilt within poetry'. English poetry since Shakespeare 'is not an act of moral judgement but of imaginative realisation which is a submission to judgement'.

Mr. Spender is at his most distinctive when he is most instinctive, when he writes about the situation in that uneasy but vital frontier between aesthetics and psychology. He is almost a personification of the doubts and difficulties that pre-occupy his kind of writer (the idealistic, romantic, introspective kind) today. He has an intuitive grasp of what certain other writers were, or are, trying to do, and of these he can be an impressive critic: on Housman, the Georgians, and (in the essay 'Greatness of Aim') Auden and Dylan Thomas he writes from the inside. His own problems as a poet, and the way he writes his verse, are the subject of the fascinating essay which gives the volume its title. He is perhaps less interested in—and thus less interesting on—the past as the past. The account of English poetry 'judged by the romantic gold standard' does not read very convincingly: the questions it raises seem confusing and contrived, and the conclusion, a comparison between Blake and Coleridge, does not really work out: it is not quite disarming enough.

But all in all this is a live, sympathetic book, the work of a sensitive artist. All who care, or need, to think about the questions which obsess

the humanist introvert, trapped inside the cage of his own mind, will find here much that belongs truly to our time. In this sense *The Making of a Poem* is a real technical achievement in which Mr. Spender has, less haphazardly than might appear, defined a stage in that most heartbreaking of modern odysseys, that of the English liberal imagination.

Alfred Austin, Victorian

By Norton B. Crowell.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

Alfred Austin (1835-1913) was perhaps worth an essay; it is odd that he should have been thought worth a book. His biographer calls him fatuous; explains that it would have been folly to try to 'rescue' Austin's reputation; and offers the book as an attempt to relate Austin to his times. The attempt is painstaking and explanatory.

When Tennyson died in 1892 there was no prompt appointment of a new Poet Laureate. Swinburne and Morris were, for obvious reasons, thought unsuitable. Sir Edwin Arnold is said to have confidently expected the post. Sir Lewis Morris seems to have had hopes of it. Kipling was evidently too young and unconventional to be seriously considered. Canon Dixon does not seem to have been in the running. Lord de Tabley was on his last legs. Courage and taste might have picked a true poet, but when Lord Salisbury recommended Alfred Austin in 1895 he debased the prestige of poetry, of literature generally, of the post itself, and of Conservatism. The appointment was received with general ridicule and contempt: it won the approval of Max Nordau, and even that was ridiculous and contemptible. Austin had been appointed Laureate as a reward for his services to the Conservative party as a leader-writer. His first official outpouring 'Jameson's Ride', unashamedly printed in *The Times*, was instantly recognised as one of the worst poems ever published.

Austin was a pushing and pompous dwarf with gigantic vanity. His egotism and self-esteem were invulnerable behind a hide of brass. He provoked Meredith into calling him, to his face, a cock-sparrow, and Browning into writing of him as a filthy little snob, a literary cad, a Banjo-Byron, and a little fool. Austin was too calculating to be written off as a fool. Of Roman Catholic upbringing, he began his ignoble literary career as a would-be Byronic satirist, a radical with a communist tendency. He set up as a cynic, but saw that it would not pay: he meant to become Laureate, and gained what he wanted by turning himself into a servile advocate of the cheapest and most truculent jingoism.

Mr. Norton Crowell brings this out clearly, and equally clearly how Austin became a perennial butt, target, and laughing-stock in public and private, in print and in conversation. This smug, blatant, and diligent whippersnapper uttered a quantity of mean and pretentious verse, which Mr. Crowell, struggling to give the dwarf his due, treats with almost undue consideration. The book is a painful warning of the need in literary persons for self-criticism, a need still often unministered to. It is also a warning of the potentially corruptive effect of politics upon literature, and of the fallibility of official patronage. The Victorian age was splendid and varied, but Austin, like some hideous building put up in the 1880s, exemplifies

THE POLITICS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY 1640-1945

by GORDON A. CRAIG

This is a political history of the Prussian army, and of the German army which inherited its traditions, from the beginning of the Hohenzollern state until the death of Hitler. The chapters on the Weimar Republic are rich in new material until recently unavailable. The final chapter tells the dramatic story of how an army which from its origins had successfully defied civilian control was mastered and destroyed by Adolf Hitler. 50s. net

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by the HON. STEVEN RUNCIMAN

It used to be supposed that the final breach between the Church of Rome and the Eastern Orthodox Churches took place in A.D. 1054 and was mainly due to differences in doctrine and liturgical practice. Mr. Runciman shows that this arbitrary date must be rejected, that the Schism was caused by divergences in tradition and ideology between Eastern and Western Christendom, and also that it did not reach its final stage until the beginning of the XIIIth century. 21s. net

ENGLISH RELIGIOUS DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE AGES

by HARDIN CRAIG

This book is a complement to two important standard works on medieval drama—Sir Edmund Chambers's *The Medieval Stage* and the late Karl Young's *The Drama of the Medieval Church*. It covers all the parts of the subject, though it gives most attention to the great cycles of mystery plays since these have been best preserved. Professor Craig deals with the medieval drama as something important and significant in itself but he does not neglect its influence on the drama of the Renaissance. 42s. net

THE LIFE AND ART OF ALBRECHT DÜRER

by ERWIN PANOFSKY

This one-volume edition of a famous work has been designed especially for the general reader. Without sacrificing any of the text or the illustrations, the book has been reduced to a smaller format by the omission of the Hand List and Concordance. Yet for the reader who wishes for more specific information, the numbers referring to the original Hand List have been retained and a brief new appendix brings the Hand List up to date making this edition a corrective postscript, and at less than half the cost. 70s. net (with 148 plates)

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Victorian bad taste. A bad poet may be too much of his own time; a good poet is ahead of it. When lip-service to fashionable notions takes the form of boot-licking it can take a man far—but not in literature.

English Religious Drama of the Middle Ages. By Hardin Craig. Oxford. 42s.

The pursuit of specialist medieval studies has had one very important result: it has established the homogeneity of medieval culture. The deeper these studies have sunk their shafts the more clearly has it been perceived that each shaft communicates with the others at that level where they reach the seam of their common presuppositions. The particular manifestations of such a culture can only be understood, therefore, by the metaphysical or theological principles which have evoked them; when a theology loses its authority over the society it has engendered not only will there be social change but artefacts will assume a different form. It has now become a commonplace (though always needing reiteration) that to consider Romanesque carving as a primitive groping towards Michelangelo destroys any valid comprehension of both Romanesque and Renaissance art. And it is impossible to understand the nature of medieval religious drama if it is seen as a naive preliminary to the Elizabethan stage.

It might have been thought that the religious drama of the Middle Ages had already been adequately examined and analysed in the exhaustive researches of Sir Edmund Chambers and Karl Young. But the reader of this new study soon becomes aware that Professor Hardin Craig, if he does not supersede his predecessors, justifies a re-presentation of the whole subject by his rigorous isolation of this drama as a product of a particular culture; and his refusal to see the religious drama as an early stage of the secular becomes a fundamental principle of his interpretation. 'To carry to the study of the medieval religious drama', he writes, 'a body of criteria derived from Aristotle, Horace, and their Renaissance followers . . . is to bring the wrong equipment'. For 'this is the strange case of a drama that was not striving to be dramatic, but to be religious, a drama whose motive was worship', and whatever the local variations 'there was always the grand pattern of the liturgy making itself felt'. To read these pages attentively is to surrender to a double process: Professor Craig's researches into the provenance and development of the Mystery Plays deepen the reader's understanding of the medieval world, and at the same time this understanding of a world is the only means to a true comprehension of the plays. It is precisely because of the author's scholarship, subtle and exacting as it often is, that we are open to his wisdom: ' . . . to understand the plays themselves we shall need not only to rid our minds of haste and sophistication but to become, imaginatively at least, domestic; rural, provincial and peaceful in mind'. It was a world, hard for us to enter, where obedience was expected and anonymity was assumed.

Professor Craig is concerned, therefore, to elucidate the growth and elaboration of a dramatic form from its first origins in the Liturgy. He recapitulates and amplifies the researches of Karl Young into this liturgical beginning and follows the development of the Latin plays across Europe from that moment when the Easter trope *Quem quaeritis* first summons the Three Marys and the ointment-seller to attend the Tomb. These liturgical plays were of the utmost bareness and simplicity, not from incapacity for invention (pantomimes and May-games prove the contrary) but because both scripture and liturgy had an inherent drama

which was lost by overstatement. Indeed the author goes so far as to maintain that subsequent development, when the plays changed from Latin to the vernacular and 'from the hands of the clergy within the church into the hands of laity in the out of doors in towns and cities', is 'the story of one progressive loss'. The Mystery Plays became, it seems, less a religious act than the communal expression of a mythology turned towards inferior ends—the aggrandisement of a guild or an opportunity to increase the wealth of a city by attracting audiences from a wide area. But 'the story of man's creation, fall, and redemption with its multifarious amplifications was the medieval subject. . . . The ancient framework held'.

It might seem, from such indications, that Professor Craig's scholarship has been put in motion to serve the partisan thesis of a medieval apologist, but in fact his learned pages, sometimes over-dense with erudition, are strictly concerned with the way in which the great cycles of the Mysteries came into being at Chester, York, and elsewhere, how these plays were performed, and their relationship to the institutions which fostered them. But inevitably it is the story of how the liturgical basis became weakened, and the reverberations from that process carry very far. Not the least interesting chapters are concerned with the morality play which developed over against and not from the Mysteries. The moral play, it is interesting to notice, is predominantly an English phenomenon; is this one more instance of our insular Pelagianism? 'English moral plays have one universal plot', writes Professor Craig, ' . . . it is the plot of the microcosm over against the macrocosm to the representation of which the mystery play is devoted'. It is here, and not in the Mysteries, where one origin of the Elizabethan drama may be found; Macbeth is Everyman. But when the Moralities turned to Seneca something very precious, and now irrecoverable, was lost: 'a quality', suggests Professor Craig, 'we see most often in sweet-tempered children'.

Selected Poetical Works of George Meredith. Compiled with some notes by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.

Longmans. 15s.

Meredith was an interesting man who seems likely to be coming round again (one wonders whether it is booksellers or critics who set the pace in these matters), and Dr. Trevelyan's new selected edition of his poems is thus a timely act of piety (he often visited Meredith and wrote a book on him while he was still alive) as well as an impeccably judged introduction for those who cannot remember the days when Box Hill was, like Max Gate, a name to conjure with. If Meredith was a major writer, our own age—with its army of professional critics and its confidence in its own criteria—will surely find him out. The novels will have to be adduced as evidence, though the heart sinks somewhat at the thought: 'a poet's novels' might have been the best excuse for them if one remembered *Lesbia Brandon* but forgot Hardy. But luckily Meredith wrote his best novel in verse: 'Modern Love' (included entire in the selection under review) is the great psychological novel which Browning never quite brought off and Tennyson, in 'Maud' and 'In Memoriam', did not surpass. In 'Modern Love' Meredith is engaged on a theme of the utmost interest and value: he had undergone a profound, complex, and compelling emotional experience to the understanding and communication of which he successfully summoned all his usually rather sporadic poetic powers. Time and again in the eight hundred lines of this

extraordinary poem his exactness of insight into the situation finds almost terrifyingly memorable and moving utterance:

Terrible love, I ween,
Has might, even dead, half sighing to upheave
The lightless seas of selfishness amain:
Seas that in a man's heart have no rain
To fall and still them. . . .

Most of Meredith's other poems are, frankly, a long way behind 'Modern Love', though 'Love in the Valley' still has its magical charm (it is fascinating, as Dr. Trevelyan points out, to compare the two versions, both of which are published here), while 'The Thrush in February', perhaps his second finest piece, testifies nobly to the strength of his intellect and his love and understanding of our earth, upon which his philosophy was based:

Love born of knowledge, love that gains
Vitality as earth it mates,
The meaning of the Pleasures, Pains,
The Life, the Death, illuminates.

For love we Earth, then serve we all:
Her mystic secret then is ours. . . .

At his best, Meredith has deep roots, which fifty years have done nothing to disturb.

Wildcat Strike. By Alvin W. Gouldner. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 16s.

Recent bitter unofficial disputes in Britain, involving serious loss to the economy of the country and inconvenience to the public, have aroused keen interest in 'wildcat' conflicts. Dr. Gouldner examines in detail one such strike at a single plant in the United States. His object is not merely to explain the stoppage but to collect material for developing a theory of social tensions in industry which could lead to better ways of easing them.

First, however, what is a wildcat strike? No precise definition can be given, but one of the main features is resentment against the management because of an accumulation of neglected grievances. Often, though not always, the outbreak is spontaneous with little planning. The immediate cause may be trivial but is the trigger which releases powerful pent-up forces. The responsible trade union officers lose control of the situation and are repudiated by the rank and file who turn to more aggressive and sometimes self-appointed leaders. Usually the strike is in violation of agreements.

In the strike which Dr. Gouldner studied, dissatisfaction among the workers began three years earlier. Until then fairly stable relations had existed between workers and management on an easy-going basis. Nothing much was said if a worker occasionally came to work late, left early, or stayed away for half a day. The work was done without close supervision, and the foremen were friendly with the men. Then the Company began to feel keener competition. It therefore tried to increase output by introducing new machinery and replacing supervisors who had long given loyal service by new 'bosses' who were instructed to increase production and were eager to show their ability to get results. The workers were more strictly controlled, and impersonal relations and rigid rules replaced the former friendly understandings. Some of the new supervisors though technically competent were woefully inept in human relations.

These changes led to tensions and resistances. The men did not so much object to the technological changes as to the way they were made, without any adequate explanations. The management were dilatory in dealing with some complaints and were unaware of others. The men adopted defence mechanisms by working less efficiently, and finally went on strike as an emotional and almost unplanned outlet for their discontent.

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The reaching of a settlement was difficult because the management had ideas about the causes of the strike which differed widely from the real causes smouldering in the minds of the workers. When, finally, the men returned to work they did so on terms which defined rather strictly the authority of the supervisors and of union officials and the rights and obligations of the workers. These precisions had some advantages but no basis was provided for restoring the former friendly relations, and the settlement contained the seeds of future conflict.

A strike when in progress hits the headlines, but once settled is soon forgotten. Comprehensive analyses are difficult because of the complex stresses and strains, conflicting motives, and the emotional factors of individual and group psychology which are involved in wildcat conflicts. Also, investigators may find that the principal actors are often unable or unwilling to reveal the hidden causes. Yet *post mortem* examinations could be as useful in industrial relations as in finding cures for the bodily or mental ailments of individuals. Investigations made in Britain have mostly been superficial. Dr. Gouldner's book points a way to techniques which could have valuable results.

History and Liberty, The Historical Writings of Benedetto Croce

By A. Robert Caponigri.

Routledge. 18s.

It is probably quite erroneous to subdivide the forty-odd dense volumes that are Benedetto Croce's legacy into headings such as 'Philosophy', 'Literary Criticism', or 'History'. All these merge into one another and what is most living in Croce's work is essentially a product of the spirit of history. Of his purely philosophical books how few people (outside Italian universities) read his neo-Hegelian theory compared with the many who know his resurrected *Vico*! Croce's literary criticism, to take another example, is boring and of secondary interest when devoted to periods outside the historical epochs that engaged him. His essays on classical Latin writers, for instance, seem extremely thin. And what he has to say about the nineteenth-century French poets who were pioneers of the modern school show an almost total incomprehension. But how rich and illuminating he was when he could spread out, in the grand leisurely manner that he imported from the twentieth century from the nineteenth, on Dante, on Ariosto, on the *concetti* of the sub-poets of the Baroque age such as Marino.

In this wide historical sense Croce was amongst the greatest writers of the last hundred years. In poetic vision, vision of whole epochs of art, architecture, passion, and politics, and in intuitive power he was second only, perhaps, to Burckhardt. His marshalling of detail for bringing a whole civilisation to life, that of his native Naples, produces an aesthetic effect like that of a great poem or painting.

Professor Caponigri demonstrates Croce in the simplest way by following 'the master' himself along the principal lines of his historical enquiries. The history which, in itself, is 'the history of liberty' begins for Croce at home in Naples, a place which, seemingly unpropitious for a 'moral drama' on the 'ethico-political' plane, serves to bring out the terms of the everlasting struggle as he sees them. Croce's Neapolitan studies are the material for the first part of the book. The second part is concerned with the Baroque age and spirit which, for Croce, was 'a failure of the ethical will of the Italian people'. The third part deals with Croce's better-known writings on the rise of modern liberalism in Europe and on that masterpiece of the liberal spirit—the Italian Risorgimento.

Dr. Caponigri should be congratulated on the faithfulness of his reflection, a task we can only appreciate if we remember the vastness of the original material. His book is essential for those who would never have the time to read the whole of Croce. Croce incidentally has a most catching style and Dr. Caponigri like all 'Crociani' has caught its cadences.

The Great Experiment: An Introduction to the History of the American People.

By Frank Thistlethwaite.

Cambridge. 25s.

This book, a brilliantly successful attempt by an Englishman to write a broad introduction to the history of the United States, was undertaken with the needs of the British undergraduate especially in mind. As Mr. Thistlethwaite points out, there is no lack of admirable text-books on American history by American scholars: but these works, though able, thorough, and remarkably free from chauvinism, are intended for use in American colleges where their standpoint is more readily appreciated than in this country. The British reader, he feels, is in need of additional guidance if he is to understand the historical phenomenon of the United States. Besides having a natural tendency to measure America's progress by her approximation to British standards, the average undergraduate in this country—not to speak of the layman—is ill-equipped by his study of European history to grasp the uniqueness of American development.

Newcomers to the subject, however, can hardly hope for a better guide than is provided here by Mr. Thistlethwaite who, after studying American history in the United States, has been teaching it for some years at Cambridge. In this fascinating book, he presents not a bare factual narrative of events since the Revolution, but a masterly analysis which concentrates on those aspects of the story that, in his opinion, have given the American people their distinctive characteristics. The dominant theme in American development, he believes, is the great westward migration proceeding first across the Atlantic from Europe, and continuing overland towards the Pacific; a movement which in less than three centuries peopled a continent and created in the wilderness 'a new variant of western society'. This is not to say that the 'frontier' theory, in which the emphasis is mainly on environment, is either rejected or ignored. Indeed, Mr. Thistlethwaite's book is notable for the synthesis it achieves by reconciling that theory with the views of those who regard immigration as the sole key to an understanding of America. Throughout the story as it is told here, one is aware of the opposing pulls of continent and ocean, of the interplay of geography and history, and of the subtle changes affecting old-world institutions, values, and modes of thought when transplanted to America.

Despite its many excellences, however, the book is open to criticism in two respects. In the first place, one may question the wisdom of interpreting the pull of the Atlantic largely in terms of the influence exerted by Britain. Mr. Thistlethwaite may well be right in asserting that Britain's role in American history since the Revolution has not received the attention it deserves. But for the benefit of readers who are all too ready to regard the British contribution as the only one of importance, some mention might profitably have been made of the influence exerted on America by countries other than Britain—and not only those in Europe. Secondly, it is regrettable to find that in discussing immigration, Mr. Thistlethwaite adopts that mood of gloomy pessimism which has recently become fashionable among American

writers on the subject. No doubt the shock of alienation was a severe one for millions of uprooted Europeans, but surely there were compensations. If immigration was as disillusioning an experience as the current interpretation contends, one is at a loss to understand why so many immigrants sent for their relatives to join them, and how they were able to send vast sums of money to Europe for that purpose.

The book also contains a number of errors of fact. The famous voyage of the *Empress of China* from New York to Canton, which inaugurated America's Far Eastern trade, took place not in 1794 (page 67) but ten years earlier: and was not therefore, as is implied here, one of the beneficial consequences of the constitution of 1787. An ambiguous reference to Francis Place and Joseph Hume (page 81) might lead the reader to suppose that they were among the English radicals who emigrated to the United States, which was not the case. And it is difficult to accept the adjective 'self-made' when applied either to George Washington (page 33) or to John Adams (page 55).

But it would be ungrateful to end on such a note. Mr. Thistlethwaite has performed an extraordinarily difficult task with skill, scholarship, and considerable insight.

Sculpture of Primitive Man

By W. and W. Muensterberger.

Thames and Hudson. 50s.

This handsome volume consists of well over a hundred full quarto photographs of primitive sculptures, divided almost equally between tropical Africa and the Pacific (Indonesia, New Guinea, Melanesia, Polynesia, north-west America) and a thirty-page introduction by Dr. Warner Muensterberger. The great majority of the pieces reproduced come from Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, and French museums and collections and are likely to be unknown to non-specialist English readers; the excellent photographs (two in colour) are chiefly made by Hans Sibbelee of Amsterdam; about a quarter are by R. Sprengue of Basle.

These photographs constitute a desirable addition to the 'imaginary museum' of the contemporary western aesthete. The sophisticated lighting, the ignoring of the scale and colour of the objects (though this information is given in the preliminary list of plates), the reduction of three-dimensional objects to two-dimensional photographs, and the presence of the objects in museums or art collections all tend to make irrelevant the fact that the sculptures were made by simple, isolated, non-literate peoples and for their makers had various ritual or religious or social functions. They are now part of our western aesthetic culture, whatever they may have been originally; except from the point of view of art history, knowledge of their original functions can affect our appreciation little more than, say, knowledge of heraldry can affect our appreciation of medieval paintings and sculpture.

In his preface Dr. Muensterberger seems to take the opposite view. His thirty pages are chiefly taken up with information about the tribes who produced these sculptures and the functions which they served for them. Quite inevitably, this information is superficial, and accompanied by some very risky generalisations. Anthropologists would have a great number of detailed criticisms to make of these pages were they addressed to them; but since the book is for art-lovers, purchasers would be wiser to ignore the text, except for the last page or so which describes briefly the impact of primitive (especially African) sculpture on twentieth-century artists. The photographs are the justification of the book; and the photographs are superb.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Riches from the Regions

SOME OF LAST WEEK'S programmes showed signs of a new and zestful resolve. Were they the first-fruit of planning activities impelled (rather than inspired) by the coming changed conditions in television broadcasting or simply the seasonal upsurge experienced in many branches of human endeavour with the recess-

sufficiently widespread and complex to encourage the belief that it would be exploited as an immediate retort to competitive programmes. 'Saturday-Night Out' suggests that this has in fact become formal policy. In that programme, projected as the first of a long series, B.B.C. technical superiority was demonstrated with old-master assurance, as if there is pathos in the notion of rival systems. 'Where do you want to go?' asked 'the man with the mike', and we were whirled off to Scotland, then back to London, on to South Wales, then to Pinewood

Whether there is sense in alienating so influential a mass of viewing attention at that feet-up hour of the week is not for discussion here. 'Sports Special' is the result of admirable team-work which doubtless cherishes every minute that can get towards the fulfilment of its aim to give its enthusiasts the latest sports information.

With the 'Special Enquiry' programme of schools we were back at the level of sober documentary consideration of current problems. The programme boasted that we do more for education than is done in most other countries, a reminder which did not make one choke with pride. If our future role in the world is, as maintain, not that of a Great Power but of a university among the nations, we shall need to be bolder in our educational thought and practice than the 1944 Act, for example, allowed us to be, for all its noble aspirations. By means as a philosophic generalisation of ancient lineage, I assert the opinion that our school teachers should be among the best rewarded servants of our culture. It would mean a high standard of teaching and, at some perhaps not too distant point in time, a considerable and complementary saving of that part of the rate which supports the police.

Reporting on conditions rather than aiming 'Special Enquiry' was gravely practical in its statement of the facts about out-of-date school buildings, over-large classes, and kindred matters.



As seen by the viewer: 'Special Enquiry—I. Schools for Britain' on September 7. Pupils forced to work on a piano because of overcrowding; and (right) kitchen in a secondary modern school



sional holiday tide? There is the innovation of a late-night news summary with pictures. There is the new series called 'Saturday-Night Out', which ransacks the regional resources of B.B.C. television. There is the considerably accentuated 'coverage' of sport, culminating in 'Sports Special' as the final programme of the week. It implies an awareness of pressures to come if, also, holiday dividends at Television Centre.

Alternative programme organisers, it is said, have put newsreels and news subjects generally high on their priority lists. That may only partly explain the recently enhanced vigour of television News and Newsreel, which earlier this year dropped several points in viewer esteem. Reorganisation of a few weeks ago seems to have supplied the missing quantity of enterprise. Even so, the great difficulty of illustrating the news remains, for the sufficient if awkward reason that news, like the measles, is apt to break out where it is least expected. It is probable that we shall continue to see pictures of aircraft crashed rather than aircraft crashing, and world statesmen inspecting guards of honour rather than banging desks at each other in conference. Yet, although television News and Newsreel often strays into the magazine realm, it now more often impresses us with a sense of urgency than it formerly did, and occasionally it positively scores in headline terms with a last-minute news announcement or a breathless interview. It seems clear that the improving process has set in, though on the editorial rather than the presentation side. According to one of last week's editions, the Prime Minister inspected what are called military installations to the accompaniment of a symphony orchestra: the fatuous background music trick has not yet been finally vanquished. We protesting viewers, if put to it, can be stubborn too.

As was surmised here not long ago, the connective tissue of B.B.C. television is by now



'Other People's Jobs' on September 8: shaping a wineglass, and the finished glass



Photographs: John C...

film studios, with a dazzling flourish of extramural skills. That the miracle was wrought again, half an hour later, in 'Sports Special', did not detract from its impressiveness as a sign of more imposing manipulations to come.

'Saturday-Night Out' was television realising its more mercurial possibilities, which are not confined to these shores. Soon we may expect to have Eurovision more completely linked to our island viewing comity, a formidable accession of viewing prospects for B.B.C. patrons who, I repeat, may reveal themselves as embarrassingly loyal to the old firm. Much of the success of the first 'Saturday-Night Out' programme goes to Robert Beatty for a refreshingly easy display of microphone usage. In him B.B.C. television has a valuable recruit to the commentator ranks, which are not jostling with genius or even high promise. The programme lay firm hold of feminine sympathies, which were rudely dispersed by the merciless masculinity of 'Sports Special', with its football fixations and its succession of album faces for the adolescent fans.

topically glossed by the imminence of a new school year. Presented on telefilm, the programme drew information and illustration from the education resources of two counties, Derbyshire and Shropshire. Visually, the material was unusually good in emphasising some of the verities of rural school attendance. In imposing a pattern on a wide variety of experience, the film camera had been intelligently used, giving pictures that were easy to look at. With Robert Beatty in charge of the explanatory side and Patrick Gregory contributing usefully to it from beyond the London penumbra, the new session of 'Special Enquiry' was inaugurated with high hopes. In a mere forty-five minutes a large number of viewers had been given an object lesson in the education of the men and women of tomorrow which could hardly fail of its message, which was that education is more than instruction and learning must be pursued without tear.

The documentary necessity was well served again, by a new programme in 'Other People's Jobs', a study of Black Country glassmakers:

work. It gave us spectacular and sometimes almost exciting pictures of craftsmen obeying the ordinances of a long tradition. Once more we were shown the riches which the regions hold for B.B.C. television.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Mum's Mink

TELEVISION DRAMA has been concerned this last week with such matters as Mrs. Grove's mink stole, how she acquired it; with the enchanting actress Helena Hughes, as the colleen 'Kathleen', her baby, and how she did not, after all, bear it. And with the Varwells of 'Yellow Sands' and their wigs and their Devonian accents. After which endurance tests we looked eagerly to what on paper seemed likely to be the pick of the week: the second act of 'Giselle'. It disappointed.

The build-up for this exquisite example of the romantic ballet was well enough. Jill Balcon was heard in the *persona* of the heroine, retailing the events of the first act, rather as 'they' put you in the picture in each instalment of the 'Woman's Hour' serial; and there were close-ups of the principals. But as soon as the ballet proper began, with the feeble sonorities of the orchestra and the failure to communicate the sense of that magical, dedicated space, which should be the stage of the second act of 'Giselle', doubts came crowding on faster than fairies. The material, being the excellent Ballet Rambert which also provided the Queen of the Villies, was first rate. Erik Bruhn of the Royal Danish Ballet danced with beautiful style, and his sole variation—with the exacting *tours en l'air* was finely executed, though the cameras can hardly be said to have presented it, at best only to have followed it round. And Markova, ever since the days when she first danced it on the stage of the Old Vic, has always given the famous role a wistful fragility all her own. Her extreme lightness in fact makes one think of Pavlova; and no doubt the earliest Giselle, Carlotta Grisi and such, danced the role in much this fashion, without the *brio* and virtuosity of a later day. All the same, it seems that once one has seen the more extended, grandiose style of such Giselles as Spessivtseva or Simeonova, not to mention Alonso, or our own Margot Fonteyn with her perfect self-identification with the music, such a reserved and dainty performance as Markova gave seems unambitious. All the more so when it is so poorly glimpsed by the camera, which often lost her at crucial moments and quite failed to communicate the beautifully balanced composition of the choreography during the great duos.

Admittedly, it is not at all easy to catch. Clearly, trouble had gone into the shooting of the patterns made by Hilarión tussling with the sprites, though there again little of the excitement of the movement was transmitted. But nothing was made of the early encounter between Albrecht and Giselle,



Scene from 'Kathleen' on September 8, with (left to right) Alfred Burke as Seamus MacGomigal, Harry Towb as Christy Hanafey, Patrick Horgan as Lieut. Aengus MacOgue, Helena Hughes as Kathleen, Liam Redmond as Horatio Houhlihan, Harry Hutchinson as Jaimey MacGomigal, Christopher Steele as Professor Jasper Fogarty, and Robert Mooney as Father Sean Keogh

i.e., the *pas de deux* with the spirit 'apports'. There is all the difference in the world between a great ballerina going off into the wings and merely going out of view. The effect of Here! There! Gone! which Coralli's choreography so wonderfully suggests in terms of ballet, was entirely lost. And where the two lovers, each drawn up on the waiting chord, drop off, like seagulls from a rock, to alight as it were on the surface of the music, a lack of synchronisation with the orchestral beat is an irreparable disaster. At a fair reckoning, I should say that for more than half the ballet, dancers and music were just out of touch with each other. It is wonderful to have masterpieces on television but one does not want them to be done in such a way that people are put off. Who, seeing this excerpt from 'Giselle' for the first time, would have guessed what an experience the old ballet may provide when its magic is really working? If we ever have it again, there must be a closer liaison between dancers and conductor: one who needs to feel in his imagination every weight and stress of the dance.

Earlier on Sunday we had another example



Alicia Markova and Erik Bruhn in Act II of 'Giselle' on September 11

of poor liaison: 'Concert Hour' is no doubt a pleasant addition, but not when it suggests the first talkies. The announcer never seemed to have his cue. The camera roamed over acres of fiddlers; or gazed blankly at Charles Mackerras, who gazed back, sometimes snatching on headphones or craning anxiously round as much as to say, 'What on earth is going to happen now?' What did happen were odd little illustrations, from Offenbach or 'Façade', like tableaux from a school concert. The music was nicely done and singers and dancers, June Bronhill, Thomas Round, Julia Farron, etc., did their best, but the effect was highly ridiculous and in the case of the *cancan*, which we saw illustrated at random by the lower half of a lady identified as Miss Foat, it was tame and feeble past belief.

Blown out to half-hour length, the Groves were up to the ears in moral dilemma again. As usual they had come by valuables accidentally; and were puzzled as to whether they 'ought' to give them back. Last time it was rare stamps. This time,

a mink tippet with the wrong price tag on it. The kids had bought it for Mum; then the manageress from the furriers rang up and was rude (she got sacked for her pains). This put up the back even of moral old Dad. But when the furrier in person came round to apologise, they did hand it back, whereupon, not very believably, he made them a present of the thing, seeing it was for Mum's birthday. This suggested that honesty is the most paying policy, rather than that virtue is its own reward. I was sorry for the manageress, too.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Ye Goddesses!

'WE'LL WELCOME ODYSSEUS, borne over the wave To Calypso's fair island, her shore and her cave'. After too much of that brand of extemporised doggerel 'calypso', it is a relief to return to the 'minor goddess, or nymph' herself as she appears in Philip Vellacott's

'An Island in Time' (Third). The dramatist had been thinking of the play for seven years, the space of Odysseus' lingering on Calypso's isle, 'navel of the sea'. The result is a fantasy that floats now across the years with a dreamy grace preserved in Raymond Raikes' production. It fills a gap in Homer: He contented himself with describing the last days of Odysseus' life upon the isle where Calypso had so long awaited her mortal visitor. Mr. Vellacott shows to us something of the half-century before Odysseus came: the passing of time that to an immortal is as slippery as water that streams upon the stones, and then the coming of the wanderer and the short years when mortal and immortal were in perilous association.

Thornton Wilder has recently been elaborating a text from Kierkegaard about the 'incommensurability of things human

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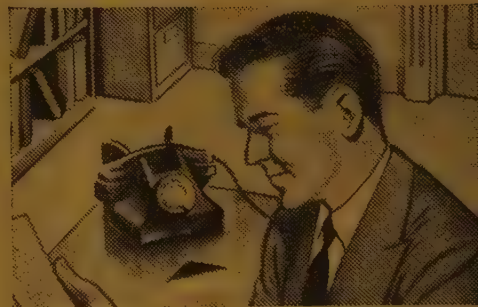
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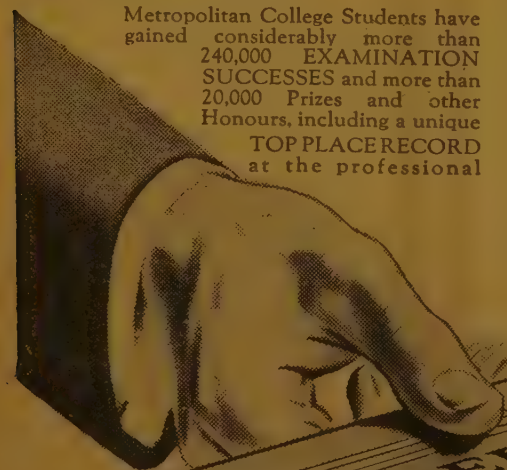


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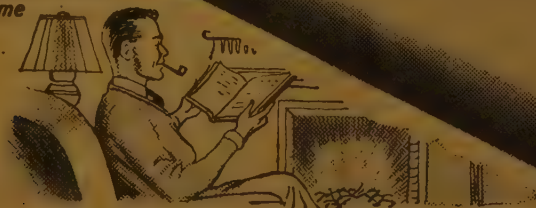
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and divine'. For 'An Island in Time' that would be altogether too portentous a phrase. One sees this play through a veil of summer heat, a frail gauze behind which Calypso weaves with her gold shuttle in the cave by the four springs; a timeless sun rests upon the water and the drifting gulls, and the great figure of Odysseus is conscious of immortal longings. As the years glide by, one watches him come closer to Calypso, hears the dialogue on death (to a mortal a precipice always at the edge of a path), and hears, too, Calypso as she recognises the movement of the 'cataract-world' about her, the world of life-and-death Odysseus shares and she does not. But the strange idyll cannot last, for the wanderer—having taken her love while the high gods willed it—must long again for home: Stephen Murray spoke movingly the passage about the oar of Thesalian pine. Before his birth Calypso has waited for him. No matter; the gods cannot allow him to hold for ever the 'timeless unreckoned rest of an immortal island'. He must leave Ogygia, and, steering with the Great Bear always on his right hand, come after seventeen days to the mountainous island of the Phœaciens. He does not look back when his boat moves out from the island and Calypso is left to the weary certainties, the loneliness, of immortality.

It is a gently wistful play, free from any modish toughness, and with dialogue that very seldom grates. (I wish that Calypso had not said to Odysseus, 'Your men still had you to keep up their morale'.) Mr. Vellacott, with Mr. Raikes' direction and Anthony Bernard's music to help him, has suggested easily the flow of the nights and days in which thirty years can be merely the brushing of a feather across the island-face. The visits of that highly professional god Hermes (suggested sharply by Anthony Jacobs) are of much value here; but Stephen Murray and Jill Balcon carried the play as Odysseus—maybe a god among men, but still a mortal—and the immortal nymph who has had her hour and who must now look only to the wastes of Time.

Erica, the 'Fair Passenger' of Aimée Stuart's play (Home), has not observed the lapse of time. She is middle-aged, and yet she looks wide-eyed at the world. 'May I borrow your maid?' she asks sweetly on arriving at her old school-friend's flat (in a Belgrave Square basement); she is quite surprised to be told, 'Don't be prehistoric!' Though equipped with the traditional wiles, she takes a hard beating from her friend's boss, a craggy film director who does not believe in inherited privilege, and who has, fortunately, the Yorkshire voice of Edward Chapman. The play is a wisp; it needed Mr. Chapman to give colour and substance to it. He has a cut-and-come-again voice. When he spoke the piece became real (this is not to say that Lydia Sherwood and Pauline Jameson were anything but excellent within the limits of two artificial parts). A thin comedy; but Mrs. Stuart has been wise to allow Erica to remain incorrigible at the last, and to pursue her 'prehistoric' adventuring beyond the end of the present chapter. That does sound genuine.

There are no goddesses, real or hopeful, in 'Club Night' (Light, Variety at its most painstaking, with the jokes growing slowly to a point: I recall one about a Stradivarius and a 'fiddle' (get it?), and another that ended with the obviously rich quip, 'Director of the Coal Board'. Too often I felt outside the club circle—you have to be a paid-up member—but three scriptwriters had worked hard to suit us all; with a 'Raf type', a Cockney comic (when he asked for a 'pint of mother-in-law' he meant 'old and bitter'), and a gaggle of companionable Lancastrians. The most likable member in a recent programme was a logician who knew how to win the pools: 'Just copy the results

on your coupon on a Saturday night, and you can't be wrong, can you?' Someone else with immortal longings?

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Personal and Philosophical

DURING THE PAST WEEK, deputising for Martin Armstrong, I have heard more broadcast talks than normally I hear in a whole month, and so have been able to bring a more or less virgin apprehension to their enjoyment. And enjoyment, rather to my surprise, is the right word: even where the nature of the subject might seem to preclude enjoyment one could take pleasure, not seldom, in the manner of delivery, the contact with a sympathetic personality. An example is the five-minute talk, after the one o'clock news on Wednesday, of Miss Appleby, secretary of the National Association for Mental Health, who pleaded very quietly and persuasively for a more rational, less hysterical attitude on our part towards the mentally sick, and invited volunteers for her flag-day, which I hope she got in good numbers. Though the subject was painful, and the statistics disturbing, the effect of Miss Appleby's talk was the reverse of depressing. Equally undepressing and more obviously enjoyable were Enoch Powell's excursions into the history of the House of Lords, in the Third Programme. Not only is Mr. Powell a master of his subject but he has the true broadcaster's knack of making us forget that he has a script in front of him. To sit at his feet is both pleasant and profitable.

But the high spots of my week's listening were provided by St. John Ervine on Sunday afternoon and Bertrand Russell on Thursday evening. St. John Ervine is endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to the making of a first-rate broadcaster. He has the pleasantest kind of Irish voice, an enviable gift of phrase, any amount of genial dogmatism, and a trick of pugnacious emphasis that can invest the most unexceptionable statement with an air of bold challenge. It is characteristic of something perennially youthful in this elder statesman of drama and journalism that in the middle of a lively and illuminating talk on John Galsworthy, whom he described as a buttoned-up man, born on velvet, member of a prosperous professional class, he could not refrain from turning aside to launch a savage attack on 'successful business men'—a class of people to which, as he rightly insisted, Galsworthy and his immediate forebears did not belong. Everything else, however, was very much to the point. In casual social encounters Galsworthy gave the impression of being cold and reserved. Reserved he was, but the apparent coldness was no more than shyness, a fear of self-exposure. One does not need to have met him in person to know that he was a deeply compassionate man: an angry, wincing awareness of human suffering is clearly the generating force of almost all his novels and plays. St. John Ervine's portrait of a gentle and generous-hearted man was done with effortless skill, in a manner that blended admiration with affectionate irony; and being a dramatist he was careful to provide himself with a good exit-line.

Philosophy in the academic sense is rightly accounted a difficult subject, but it is also—or was, until the Logical Positivists got busy on it—by far the most fascinating. No one who has come under its spell can ever quite rid himself of the romantic illusion that some day, and indeed at any moment now, the ultimate nature of reality will reveal itself to his groping thought. Conspicuous among the philosophers who in the past have encouraged us in this persuasion was Hegel, whose devotion to his pet idea (of the

Absolute) culminated in a famous paradox: 'Being and not-being are identical'. In the fifth of his autobiographical talks, which are being given under the general title of 'Then and Now', Bertrand Russell told us how, after a brief sojourn in the Hegelian camp, he threw over the doctrines of Hegel and by force of reaction came to believe for a time that the truth could be arrived at merely by turning those doctrines upside-down. Hegel's having said that there were 'no absolute truths', except the truth of the Absolute itself, seemed to the young Bertrand Russell a sufficient reason for holding that there were 'innumerable' absolute truths; and because Hegel had asserted that the universe was more like a pot of treacle than a heap of shot, it followed that precisely the opposite was true. Everyone knows that Lord Russell, with his precise and urbane literary style, is a master of lucid exposition. He is also, by virtue of his wit, his candour, his air of amused ironic detachment, the most entertaining of autobiographers.

GERALD BULLETT

(Mr. Martin Armstrong is on holiday and will resume his articles in three weeks' time)

MUSIC

From Edinburgh and Hereford

THE MOST MEMORABLE SOUNDS that came out of my loudspeaker last week were produced by Rosalyn Tureck playing Bach's D minor Clavier Concerto, with the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra conducted by Szymon Goldberg. This great artist, as in everything of his she plays, achieves the miracle of making one feel that Bach wrote the work for the piano, and the modern piano at that. She frequently uses, if I am not mistaken, the damper as well as the sustaining pedal, employing the latter without ever producing even a suspicion of blurring: she pays no attention to 'terraced dynamics', and though perhaps her 'expressive' treatment of Bach may not appeal to everyone her playing seems to me a perfect illustration of the Hindu saying, in which I have italicised the operative word, 'whatever a musician does, that is right'. Miss Tureck's clarity of articulation, her beautifully moulded phrase and meaningful passage work are a continual delight.

At the same Edinburgh Festival concert Mr. Goldberg completed his excellent performances of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos and made me wonder how many of the other concertos in the collection of the Margraf Ludwig Christian would be worth reviving. Bach's set, it will be remembered, was not thought worthy of being catalogued by name as were those of Vivaldi, Valentini, Brescianello, and others, but was included in one of two lots described as '77 concertos by different masters, and for various instruments' and '100 concertos by different masters for different instruments'. It might well prove interesting and revealing to let us hear some of these works by Bach's contemporaries and immediate predecessors at a future Edinburgh Festival and so compare them with his. They would, however, need to be a great deal more interesting than the seventeenth-century trio-sonatas we were treated to in the Early Italian chamber music concert broadcast in the Third Programme, small and thin stuff compared to the fine works in the same form by Corelli.

The two broadcasts of the Three Choirs Festival from Hereford Cathedral each contained orchestral examples of the new orthodoxies, Racine Fricker's 'Prelude, Elegy and Finale' for strings, and Humphrey Searle's 'Night Music' for chamber orchestra.

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the aid of music, the worship of God', and it still seems to be a debatable question as to whether secular music can find itself happily and suitably situated in a cathedral. As the principle has by now long been generally accepted one can applaud the bold policy of Meredith Davies, the young organist of Hereford Cathedral, in introducing genuinely contemporary music. The acoustics of the cathedral suited the music remarkably well and surely no one can have found any difficulty in appreciating the worth of the chosen works. The outstanding impression in these two programmes was made, I thought, by Lennox Berkeley's beautiful settings of 'Four Poems of St. Teresa of Avila', very well sung and played by Norma Procter and the strings of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by

Meredith Davies. The fresh gaiety of the pastoral second song, the mystical fervour of the third, and the spiritual exaltation of the last song were very moving, but the first song was not so clearly presented.

Poulenc's setting of 'Stabat Mater' suffered from the sectional treatment of the great poem, but much more from a predominantly chordal texture which eventually induced a feeling of monotony, not relieved by a rather tentative performance of the work. The composer's sacred music, though patently sincere, has not always been free from triviality and there was evidence of that in 'Stabat Mater'. The simplicity of treatment he gave to his lovely Epiphany motet 'Videntes Stellam', if it could have been sustained, would have brought out more of the

profound sorrow in the poem. Another time Mr. Meredith Davies might consider reviving Szymanowski's grand setting of 'Stabat Mater'.

We were also given the first performance of Geoffrey's Bush's choral suite 'In Praise of Mary', a setting of some well-known medieval poems ending with an Alleluia. This work sounded no very individual note but had some imaginative moments and was effectively laid out, if occasionally too lusciously scored, for its subject-matter. It gave the choir a chance to display its excellent qualities and also gave us an all too rare chance to hear Isobel Baillie, whose pure toned and radiant singing made it impossible to believe that she has been before the public for thirty-two years.

ALEC ROBERTSON

The 'Swedish Mozart'

By KATHLEEN DALE

A programme of music by Joseph Kraus will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, September 19 (Third)

MUSICAL life in Sweden throughout the ages has owed much of its vitality to the readiness of Swedes to welcome musicians from abroad and to appoint them to key positions. Never, perhaps, were so many foreign musicians at work in Sweden as in the later eighteenth century, especially during the reign of Gustav III (1771-92). In the previous reign the queen, Lovisa Ulrika, a sister of Frederick the Great, had introduced a French theatrical company which performed plays with incidental music, and an Italian opera group under the leadership of Francesco Uttini of Bologna. These two organisations formed the nucleus of the Swedish National Opera which was founded by Gustav III in 1773. Foreign composers who helped in establishing it included Uttini, the first to write an opera with Swedish words, J. C. F. Haefner, Abbé Vogler, J. G. Naumann, and, above all, Joseph Martin Kraus, later to be known as the 'Swedish Mozart'.

Kraus, a prolific composer of works for the stage, of symphonic, chamber, and church music, a man of letters and a musical controversialist, was born at Miltenberg-am-Main (Odenwald) in 1756, one of a family of fourteen children. His father was a lawyer and Kraus was himself destined for the law although he early manifested a passion for music; when only seven he played in trios as a violinist and also sang well. He received a fine education in jurisprudence and literature, first at the Jesuit college in Mannheim, where his interest in German poetry was awakened and he became an avid reader. At this time he studied music with Vogler. While at the University of Mainz in 1773 he published anonymously a collection of pastoral poetry, and during the next two years at Erfurt composed two sacred oratorios with words by himself. He also wrote a tragedy in three acts, 'Tolon' (1776).

The final period of his training was spent at the University of Göttingen. There, he issued his first essay in musical aesthetics, *Etwas von und über Musik* (1777), a polemic against J. N. Forkel in defence of Klopstock. There, too, he joined the 'Göttinger Hainbund', a literary society whose idols were Gluck, Goethe, Klopstock, and Lessing. Among the members were the German poets Höltz, Claudius, and Stolberg, whose verse Kraus later set to music. More decisive for his immediate future was his friendship with a Swedish fellow-student, Karl Stridsberg, who wrote the libretto for Kraus' first opera, 'Azire', which he composed in 1778. Kraus had by then decided, despite strong

parental opposition, to make music his career rather than law. Feeling that the German background was uncongenial to his artistic ideals he set out in 1778 for Stockholm, whither Stridsberg had recently returned and had recommended him to the court musical circle.

During his first year or so in Sweden Kraus made little headway and had to suffer privations which undermined his health. In 1779 he was befriended by an influential patron of music, Baron Leijonhuvud, who saw to it that Kraus was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Music and commissioned to write an opera, 'Proserpine', with a libretto by the foremost Swedish poet, Kellgren. It was successfully performed in the presence of the king at Ulriksdal castle in 1781, and Kraus was appointed second in command of the royal orchestra. He composed another opera, 'Aeneas in Carthage' (Kellgren), for the opening of the new opera house in 1782, but owing to the sudden flight to Copenhagen of the principal singer it was withdrawn. Naumann's 'Cora and Alonzo' was substituted and Kraus' work remained unperformed until seven years after his death, when it was produced in mutilated form as 'Dido and Aeneas'.

Naumann's presence in Sweden set Kraus free to travel abroad, at the king's wish and with a state stipend, to study the methods of the principal European opera houses with a view to reorganising the Royal Academy Music School in Stockholm, the training-ground of the Gustavian Opera. In the course of a four-year tour Kraus journeyed through Austria, Germany, Italy, France, and England, meeting notable musicians and recording his impressions of musical life in the capitals in letters home. While in Vienna in 1783 he composed a symphony and dedicated it to Haydn, who had it performed at Esterházy. Kraus liked Haydn, but took exception to his proclivity for selling his compositions to the highest bidder. He himself would give his own away to interested performers, recklessly losing sight of his manuscripts.

After his return to Stockholm Kraus became chief conductor of the royal orchestra in succession to Uttini and director of the Royal Academy Music School in 1788. During the next few years he wrote a successful one-act opera, 'Soliman II', and incidental music to numerous stage entertainments. His two greatest works date from 1792, the year of the king's assassination in March and of his own untimely death in December at the age of thirty-six: the *Symphonie funèbre* for the lying-in-state of the king and a cantata for the royal funeral.

The *Symphonie funèbre* in C minor is per-

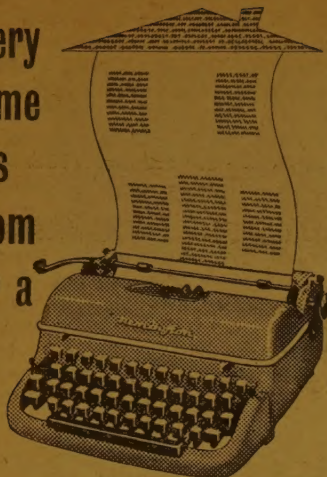
vaded by a feeling of awed grief at the tragic event which occasioned its composition. It must have made a profound impression when first performed during the solemn ceremony in the Riddarholm Church in Stockholm. An elegiac atmosphere is established at the very outset by ghostly drum-beats and quietly pulsating chords. The opening, ascending phrase of the *andante mesto* is punctuated by a recurrent sighing figure of a falling semitone; elsewhere, series of melodic fragments in rising semitones attain powerful climaxes. The ensuing tranquil *larghetto* in F minor is followed by a majestic third movement in A flat major based on a chorale which undergoes decorative treatment including long passages for solo instruments. Lastly, a fugato leads to the quiet ending of the work with a final reference to the fateful introductory drum-beats.

The Symphony in D major dating from 1784 presents a marked contrast to this emotionally inspired composition. It is typically late-eighteenth-century music, spirited and elegant, recalling the earlier symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. The texture of the martial first movement is contrapuntally vital, the tonal scheme rich in modulations; a long flute solo adorns the central movement and an energetic fugato lends point to the finale. The whole work is well-knit and convincing.

Another facet of Kraus' style appears in the aria for soprano and orchestra, 'Son pietosa' (Metastasio), a lover's complaint which comprises a declamatory introduction, *larghetto* and an *allegro non troppo* abounding in coloratura passages of extreme brilliance. Utterly different in style from this electrifying piece are Kraus' songs with piano accompaniment. His twenty 'Airs et chansons pour le clavecin' are predominantly of simple, folksong character, but the vocal line and the piano writing in a select few are vividly descriptive, evoking the spirit of the poems in truly Schubertian manner.

Kraus' life and works are well documented in Sweden and Germany and his letters are preserved in the museum at Buchen (Odenwald). The University Library of Uppsala possesses an almost complete set of his compositions, the gift of a Swedish diplomat, F. S. Silverstolpe, who published a life of Kraus anonymously in 1833. Another life, in German, was published in 1928 by a scion of the Kraus family, K. F. Schreiber, who also printed an eighteen-page catalogue of his works in *Archiv für Musikwissenschaft* in 1925. In musical circles in this country, however, the works of the 'Swedish Mozart' have yet to become familiar.

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For the Housewife

Cooking with Five Senses

By MARGARET RYAN

SOMEbody said to me the other day: 'Of course, good cooks never use weights and measures and recipes and all that. They do it all by instinct'. That is nonsense. Some 'good cooks by experience judge weights and quantities without scales and measures, just as nearly any woman can tell exactly how much water is in her own kettle by picking it up. But accuracy and the most careful balance of ingredients are the very essence of cookery.

It is true, though, that weights and measures and thermometers and recipes are not enough. You need to use every one of your five senses all the time, and the more perceptively you use them, the better you will cook. Touch first: a cook's fingers should be sensitive—and, I need scarcely add, scrupulously clean. Many first-rate cooks mix their cakes by hand, not even using a spoon. All dough consistencies can be judged better by their response to the finger tips than by sight. When you are making puff pastry, for instance, the fat and the dough should be of exactly the same malleability. Pinch each in turn—they should give exactly the same response. Bread dough should spring back after a gentle pressure with the finger.

Then, smell: one of the penalties of cooking is that your sense of smell after a morning in the kitchen is apt to become saturated. This is a handicap, and it is a good plan to take a few minutes 'at ease' now and again at an open window or in the garden. Your nose should not only work for you in telling good smells from

bad, but it should tell you when a cake is done. The difference between the smell of raw and cooked ingredients is easy to distinguish, but it often goes unnoticed.

Much cooking can be learned by ear. Water, or jam, boiling should go rather quickly 'plop, plop, plop'. Liquid simmering should go slowly 'plop . . . plop . . . plop'. Fat hot enough for frying is silent. When the food goes in, it should hiss with a steady, level, gentle sound. If the sound of frying is fierce and angry on a rising note, your fat is overheating. Similarly with roasting, the hiss coming from the oven should be steady, contented, and only just audible. If your joint hisses and crackles, your oven is too hot. In many ways, when you are at a stage of cooking which prevents you from looking or touching or tasting, you can hear whether all is well.

Then there is taste. It may seem absurd, but many cooks lavish untold pains on the look of their dishes and scarcely taste them at all. To keep your standards up, you must either enjoy food yourself with a critical and discriminating palate or cook for someone who does. The good cook should taste continually, testing the balance of flavours, the seasoning, and tenderness of the food.

Sight we all use most of the time, but I do think that in one respect we tend to use it too timidly—looking at food in the oven. You really can look at cakes and even soufflés in the oven after the initial rising has taken place—say in

about a third of the time of cooking—provided you open and shut the door carefully.

—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

- BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT (page 403): a banker with business interests in Greece, the Middle East, and Balkans; author of *Greece—a political and economic survey*
- SIR THOMAS RAPP, K.B.E., C.M.G. (page 404): Head of British Middle East Office, Cairo, 1950-1953; for many years in diplomatic and consular service
- SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD (page 405): Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton; formerly editor of *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939*; author of *War and Peace in Europe, 1815-70*, etc.
- WICKHAM STEED (page 407): editor of *The Times*, 1919-1922; foreign editor of *The Times*, 1914-1919; acting correspondent of *The Times* at Berlin, 1896
- JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN (page 408): Professor of History, Howard University, Washington
- H. MYLES WRIGHT, F.R.I.B.A. (page 414): Lever Professor of Civic Design, Liverpool University since 1954
- NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS (page 417): Assistant Lecturer in Law, London University
- MRS. FLORIDA SCOTT-MAXWELL (page 425): analytical psychologist, dramatist, and author of *Towards Relationship*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,324.

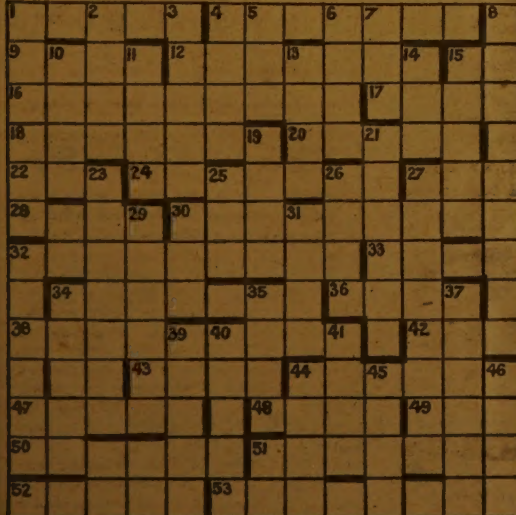
FisHY.

By Jim

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 22. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The unclued lights form code equations of the type F-IS-HY (30D and 44D are read as one word). The code phrases so derived have been substituted here and there for syllables or letters in the clues

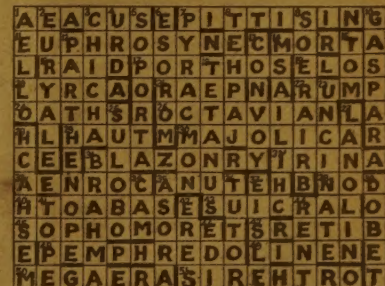


to the remaining lights: e.g., clue 'HYATE', i.e. 'FATE', leading to light 'ATROPOS' shows 'F IS HY'; so FISHY would occur among the unclued lights if checked by the word 'QUEER', say, occurring in the list of associated words. The unclued lights are associated with the following words: Churchill, Darwin, Rothschild, Israel, man, school, French scholar, self-taught, jockey, chances, tool, pillars, tree. Accents and punctuation are to be ignored. Proper names used are well known.

- CLUES—ACROSS
1. Chelomuks (5)
4. Art for arlignature (7)
9. Dongealec rain, see 12 also (4)
12. Opening, or if rain, as 9? (7)
17. Prince of Oylea (4)
18. Zoologwins or Dazoologs (7)
20. A roving course quite normal in statistics (5)
22. Imp (3)
24. Caiarl (7)
27. Genus of Zionuarle (3)
28. Deserted for Santuzza (4)
33. Nickname also coordinate (4)
36. Malayan Caggeks (4)
42. Fhelozionalhelo (3)
43. Viewed from compass points (4)
44. Gives iblealuable advice (6)
47. Void (5)
49. Arlooneks than (3)
50. Heloddiessiasheural month (6)
51. Escapee? No, goddess (7)
2. Often taken, or mouthed, by students (4)
3. Fails to gain (5)
4. Ksainbow (4)
5. Beatamar (3)
6. He unites (4)
7. Here in Prenel (3)
10. Indigo (4)

11. Exploited economically by both West Indians and Gibbons (4)
13. Jumtyle parasheur on man (4)
14. Agate, go on! I like it! (3)
15. Ibleolved with Iarliarl (5)
- 19R. Dead grass unknown (4)
21. Noheure (6)
25. Mysterious power found in fen luce (7)
- 25R. A cleric, barred from writing in scurrilous style, leave such a fool alone! (3)
26. Minterus rumex obtusifolius (4)
31. A legal minm (4)
32. Temple (6)
34. Fine (5)
35. The draught's Indian content (4)
37. Bramnale? (6)
39. Teres leased together (5)
40. Ben Nevis? (5)
41. Stage carriage (4)
45. Mark of affliction (4)
46. Ksectamar (4)

Solution of No. 1,322



NOTES

(Set A clues are in brackets) Across: 1 (1), 7 (m), 11 (n), 14 (e), 17 (j), 26 (p), 32 (c), 38 (q), 43 (y), 48 (d), 50 (w), 51 (u).

Down: 1 (t), 2 (o), 4 (k), 5 (s), 7 (v), 8 (a), 9 (l), 10 (z), 12 (r), 15 (b), 28 (x), 31 (e), 37 (h), 39 (i).

The trio at 32A. are the names of Chekov's 'Three Sisters'. The other trios are taken from mythology, the Bible, Piers Plowman, Lewis Carroll, Kipling, Dumas, Gilbert, and Eugene Field, classical history, tradition, and popular saying.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. D. Bollard (Croydon); 2nd prize: E. R. Best (Surbiton); 3rd prize: Mrs. A. M. Collins (Birmingham, 11).

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